

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

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1915



"SAY 'CREAM OF WHEAT,' YOU RASCAL!"

Painted by Edward V. Bremer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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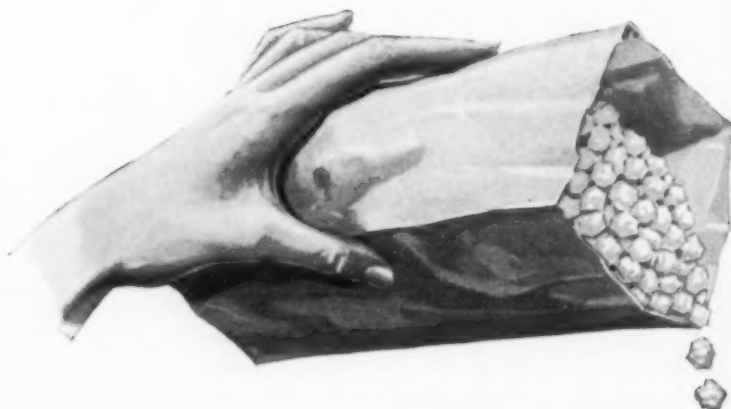
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Surprise No. 2 for Your Corn Puff Day

Your Corn Puff Day is the day when you first serve Corn Puffs. When you greet your folks at breakfast with these drop-size bubbles, puffed from toasted hearts of corn.

That will be Surprise No. 1. No one will know what they are. The texture, form and taste will be entirely new to all. There will be some merry guessing.

The same afternoon, when the children come home, have some Corn Puffs doused with melted butter, as you would a bag of popcorn. That will be Surprise No. 2. They'll want the same confections every afternoon.

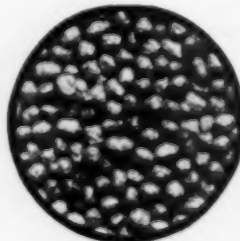
These are pellets made from corn hearts—from the sweetest bits of corn. They are puffed by steam explosion, like Puffed Wheat or Rice.

They get an hour of toasting in a fearful heat. Then they are blown into airy, flaky globules. We have never believed—nor has anyone else—that such dainties could be made from corn.



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This is a new delight. Serve it while it is new. Serve it unannounced save simply to say, "We'll have a surprise in the morning."

New foods don't come often. Perhaps never again will you find a breakfast dainty so novel and inviting. Have some fun with it. Add the charm of mystery.

Do it now,—before your folks know such a food is made. Ask if your grocer has it.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(724)



CAKES AND COOKIES

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

IT is well to make up a good holiday supply of cakes and cookies, for they will be in demand for serving with favorite beverages when friends call. And as for the children, perhaps not even the wonderful birthday cake is so thoroughly enjoyed by them as the friendly cookies they love to tuck away in coat or apron pocket. Here are some excellent receipts for such sweets:

COOKIES.—Cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of brown sugar; add half a cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of currants, one cupful of chopped raisins floured, one cupful of chopped nuts; and

three eggs, beaten separately. Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with flour enough to make a soft dough of other ingredients. Roll and cut out.



For white sugar cookies, omit the fruit, adding vanilla, nutmeg, caraway, or coconut. These cookies keep well.

OATMEAL GOODIES.—Beat together one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, the white of one egg, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, a dash of nutmeg, and enough oatmeal to make a smooth, thick paste. Drop by the spoonful on a well-buttered tin, and bake in a hot oven.

ENGLISH TEA CAKE.—Use two cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one cupful of dried currants, one tablespoonful of shortening, and water or milk enough to make a biscuit-like dough. Sift together the dry ingredients, add shortening, and mix thoroughly. Then add currants, water or milk, and roll out to a one-inch thickness. Bake whole, or cut into small cakes, in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. While warm, split, spread with butter, put together again, cover with napkin, and serve.

FIRELESS FRUIT-CAKE.—Grind and mix thoroughly two pounds of seeded raisins, two pounds of dates, one pound of figs, and three pounds of shelled peanuts well roasted. Knead on the mixing-board the same as you would bread, and when thoroughly blended, form into small loaves, wrap in waxed paper, and pack away; it will keep indefinitely. Slice thin when serving.

OUR FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY

WHEN Mariel Brady, as long ago as August, did a remarkably clever story for us called "Marrying Off Elinor", we supposed it was the first and last appearance in our pages of incomparable sixteen-year-old Wilhelmina, "otherwise Billy", who stumbled right into the edge of her first romance through the love-affair of Sister Elinor. And we mourned that this should be so! But after we had mourned a respectable length of time, we did something much more sensible. We said to Mariel Brady: "Tell us something more about Billy!"

Perhaps you think authors greet such editorial requests with gratitude. You're mistaken! What Mariel Brady said was: "Don't you dare ask me to! The responsibility of Billy would give me nervous prostration."

When a Woman Won't

BUT the chief function of editor-folk being to wheedle author-folk into doing what they don't want to do, behold! we coaxed from Miss Brady, in the end, the most delightful of stories, all about and by "Billy". And, having done that, we diplomatically laid before her the necessity for another. Of course she remonstrated—long and bitterly—but we got it, and a third, and a fourth, and—Mariel Brady doesn't know it yet, but there is to be even a fifth!

The first of the new series, *With a Capital R*—which dovetails right on to our August Elinor story—will appear in February. When you read it, you will rejoice within you to think we held Miss Brady up at the point of the editorial pen and took four more away from her. Enter Billy!

A Carpet from Bagdad

WHEN the Right Kind of Man falls in love with the Right Kind of Girl, without stopping to remember that her income quite overshadows his, there are troublous times ahead. For the Right Kind of Man promptly renounces her, for her own good, and both of them proceed to be illogically unhappy. This is the skeleton about which Winifred Arnold has created a warm, human little love story, *A Bungalow in Spain*. Think what might have happened if there hadn't been a really truly wishing-carpet right at hand, waiting to be used—and if Hilda hadn't made exactly the one right wish!



Elna Wharton gives us a most interesting article, *Overlapping Home and School*, on the new system of giving school credits for home work.

With Queens for Pawns

IF you were a Royal Princess, and could count on five fingers the eligible young men you would be permitted to marry, or rather, the thrones political interest might make it necessary for you to share, what do you suppose would be your sensations during the present war? Apart from your interest in the fortunes of your own country, your matrimonial future would be at stake. With the close of the war, new needs will arise, new political alliances be formed, each of which will mean a complete change in the future of some gentle princess, waiting her fate behind a palace wall. In *Upsetting the Royal Checkerboard*, we learn what the war may mean to the royal women of Europe.

A Little of Everything

AS the February number will disclose, we have not forgotten that February is the month of valentines and love. You will particularly enjoy the love-song, *My Valentine*, by Harold Milligan, that we have had written as our valentine to you!

There will be ideas for *Homemade Valentines* and February entertaining, cherry receipts for *Washington Birthday Dinners*, and, of course, our usual departments tucked in between the entertaining special features. For the home dressmaker, Margaret Whitney gives a lesson on making one of *The New Jumper Dresses* to be worn over a guimpe, and Evelyn Tobey discourses helpfully on *Renovating Winter Hats*.

Lucy Locket's Pocket

WE used to chant in nursery rime, "Lucy Locket lost her pocket". but no longer may we do so. The pocket is found! It appears in *The New Pocket Dress* with long opened side-seam; conspicuously braided, and disclosing a perfectly good and capacious pocket of a contrasting color! There is also *A Pocket Skirt* with patch pockets—meant to be used. *Gored Skirts* are back in four, six, and seven gores; and *The Full Skirt* in all its variations. February will see, too, the revival of *The Empire Gown*, with high waistline.

SOS

Belgians Are Starving

"He Gives Twice Who Gives Quickly"

MILLIONS of Belgians face starvation. They will perish if succor does not come at once. Their plight is desperate. It cries out as imperiously as the wireless S. O. S. from a sinking ship. And this call is being heeded. Fast ships bearing food have been rushed to the rescue. But more must follow.

Cable Answers S. O. S.

This Belgian Relief Committee cabled \$50,000 from big, generous America to Ambassador Page, to use for buying food in England to hurry to Belgium as first aid, and \$20,000 was cabled to United States Minister Brand Whitlock, in Brussels, and used in the same way. In Brussels alone one hundred soup kitchens are feeding 100,000 hungry people. The daily cable dispatches, in unbiased news reports, are giving a continuous account of the appalling disaster and desolation.

Succor From America

In America how different the picture. This magazine will reach its readers shortly before the Holiday period. We have had bountiful harvests and despite rather dull times we have great surpluses of food and money. So 40 national magazines are carrying this appeal for assistance to their millions of readers to succor the starving Belgians. Divide your Christmas plenty with them. Be sure that the gift will be "twice blessed." Send your contribution now.

Send a Christmas Check Today

Send a check today, before it slips your mind, to J. P. MORGAN & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York, and mark it for the Belgian Relief Fund. You will receive a receipt and the money will at once go to the Belgian Relief Committee, which will use it for these two purposes:

- 1 To relieve immediate distress of Belgian refugees and the hundreds of thousands of destitute women and children and other non-combatants in Belgium.
- 2 To rehabilitate as soon as practicable the poor Belgian peasant and working classes by helping them get roofs over their heads and tools to work with.

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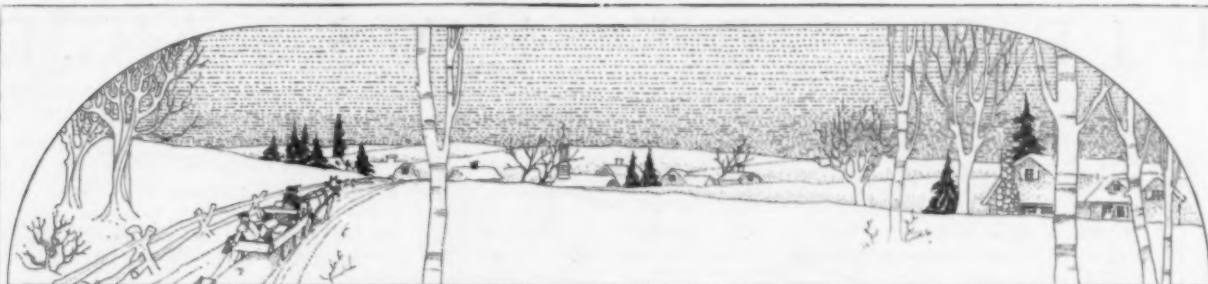
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January

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1915



YOU know how it is when the Old-Clothes Man comes around unexpectedly! You gather together hastily the

overcoat your husband has emphatically declared that he will wear no longer—no! not even on stormy days; and the old-fashioned gored skirt which your family dress-maker grimly refuses to transform into a modish afternoon gown; and the dress with the vivid green stripe which you bought by electric light and have always cordially hated, and exchange them for a very, very small pile of coin of the realm. And, after he has gone, and his cart has irrevocably turned the distant corner, you remember, with a start, the pair of shoes which are perfectly the right size for John, but which will illogically produce bunions, and for many moons have reposed, unwept and unhonored, in the hall closet. "Why, oh, why!" you say to yourself, "didn't I hand that particular White Elephant on to the Old-Clothes Man?"

All of which is my Machiavellian way of leading up to a New Year's sermon! But, perhaps it won't seem like a sermon, when I confide that I shall be part of the congregation, with the Wise Woman in the pulpit.



THE Old Year," says the Wise Woman, "is very like the Old-Clothes Man! We have piled his bag, at intervals, with the things we have outworn or outgrown, but before he goes tottering out of the door, beyond recall, stop and think a minute! Isn't there something else tucked away in a dark corner, just taking up room, which he might as well carry with him?"

I wonder if there isn't! A lingering bitterness, for instance, over something which has seemed like injustice; a grudge, perhaps; an estrangement; a carefully tended regret; the memory of a wrong done by or to us; consciousness of failure; an aching hurt in our affections.

All useless things, aren't they? Taking up perfectly good room, where otherwise might be stored happy, helpful, joyous things worth keep-

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

ing through a long procession of the years. Let's crowd them into the corners of the Old Year's bag, and let him take them away forever!

"But, that isn't all," says the Wise Woman gently. "Are

you quite sure you haven't given him something that is worth making over? You shouldn't be wasteful, you know!"

"Quite sure!" we all answer.

And the Wise Woman doesn't say a word, but just looks at us as mothers look at very little and foolish children.



YOU couldn't use that friendship any longer, of course," she says, and One of Us is suddenly aware that if the Old Year should go, and take that friendship with him, nothing could ever take its place. And she runs quickly and puts her hand upon his bag.

"Such a tender dream that was of Yours," the Wise Woman continues, letting her eyes fall elsewhere; "but, of course, you will never realize it, now, so there's no use keeping it." But Another of Us has fled after the Old Year in frightened haste.

And so it goes, until there is only One left, and she sits proudly with a little smile, that isn't at all a smile, upon her lips.

"But I have nothing to take back," she says, "for I gave him only a love that hurt, and all the memories that went with it."

"Oh, hurry, child!" whispers the Wise Woman tenderly, "before he gets out the door. Yours is the most precious thing of all. Leave the hurt, but take back the beautiful memories. They are all we have to keep us warm!"

It is a sermon, isn't it? And, perhaps, what the Wise Woman has said will make us think a little when we begin clearing out our 1914 closets. It may be difficult to be equally careful to throw away everything which is just "taking up room" and to save even the littlest thing which can be made over into something beautiful, but if we are absolutely honest with ourselves, I do not think we shall make many mistakes.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

By MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

Illustrated by RUTH EASTMAN

THE polite clerk behind the high basket of oranges on the hotel desk was quite equal to the occasion. "The young gentleman," he announced, "will have to sleep in the billiard-room, and we can cot the lady in the parlor."

Mrs. Fearon clutched her son's arm with a wail of protest. "But Phil! We telegraphed for rooms. He must do something. I can't be cotted in the parlor!"

The clerk was regretful but firm. It was Saturday night, the hotel was full, the last boat had just disgorged its passengers on an already over-crowded hostelry, there was no way of escape unless one backed into the Indian River. Twenty ladies were to sleep in the parlor. The management would hang up curtains between the cots after the other guests went to bed.

Mrs. Fearon subsided, weeping, on a chair. The sulky-looking youth, her son, seemed to have no comfort to offer.

"Well, Mother, you would come to this forsaken hole," he reminded her, and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, he surveyed the clerk, the oranges, and the guests in the hotel-office with equal distaste.

A tall, deep-chested young woman in a white evening gown, who had witnessed the discussion, turned and crossed

the hall to say a few rapid words to a lady in one of the wicker arm-chairs, who seemed to protest. The girl apparently carried her point, for she returned with the same swift, even step and accosted the gloomy young man with his hands in his pockets.

"Will you tell your mother, please, that she may have my room? She could not possibly wait till midnight to go to bed. She is tired out. I do not mind sleeping in the parlor. It will only be till Monday, for then people are leaving, and you can get rooms. If you will call a hall-boy to take her bags, I will show her the way."

Mrs. Fearon's feeble protests turned to fervent gratitude under the matter-of-fact composure of the young lady, and she was borne off to much-needed rest, with a vague feeling that a high-handed but beneficent young goddess had descended from the skies.

When the rescuer returned to the hall, she joined the lady in the wicker chair.

"I think it was very Quixotic of you, Hilda," said her mother plaintively, "and entirely uncalled for. To give up your room to a woman you had never seen before!"

"But we have seen them before, Mother. They were in California last summer. Don't you remember them at Coronado Beach? We never spoke to them, but they were in the hotel. I recognized them at once; that pretty, delicate-looking woman and the sulky son."

"Well, I shouldn't think you would like sleeping in the parlor," argued her mother. "So promiscuous! And I can't wait up with you, because your father wants to go to bed early. I can't think why you want to do queer things like that, Hilda. I never do."

It was Hilda's tendency to do queer things that still rankled in Mrs. Boyd's mind when the sulky young man's mother accosted her the next morning on the ground of her undying gratitude. She was Mrs. Fearon of New York, she said. "At least, I still say of New York," she explained, "although I never stay there now. But what a perfectly charming girl your daughter is, Mrs. Boyd. So lovely and so kind."

Mrs. Boyd admitted that Hilda was a good girl, and queried a little anxiously if Mrs. Fearon thought her handsome. "For, do you know, she seems to me sometimes a little lacking in—er—feminine charm. She is so downright. There's no atmosphere about her. Now, I like to look on all sides of a subject, but with Hilda there's only one point of view. And with her, there's never any time but the present. If anything is to be done, she always wants to do it at once."

Mrs. Fearon reiterated her whole-hearted conviction that Hilda was perfectly lovely, and the subject of the discussion joining them at that moment, she returned to the impossibility of standing the winters in New York. New York, indeed, seemed far-away from the vine-draped piazza where the ladies were sitting. "And, of course, there is no



"BUT PHIL! HE MUST DO SOMETHING. I CAN'T BE COTTED IN THE PARLOR!"

one there in summer," continued Mrs. Fearon. "We move about a good deal. After Philip's father died, I felt that I didn't want to keep house, and the best thing to do seemed to be to travel."

"We travel, too," said Mrs. Boyd. "But it is on account of Mr. Boyd's health. He had always been so well until four years ago when we went to Wildungen for the baths, and the doctors there made a terrible discovery. They found out that his heart was on the wrong side of his body, though he had never known it. It had always been there, of course, but knowing it seemed to make such a difference. He has never felt really well since. It is a very unusual case; there are only a few on record, and, of course, he has to be very careful. That is why we always stay in a warm place. Climate is so important, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Fearon agreed eagerly that it was all-important.

Hilda Boyd sat quietly by her mother and took no part in the conversation. Her head, with its burnished coils of hair, bent over the linen which she was embroidering. Her expression was serious and quite uncritical. She apparently found nothing amusing in her mother's recital.

Philip Fearon slouched past, his hands in his pockets as usual. "O Phil," called his mother eagerly. He stopped and raised his hat. "Phil, dear! They have a really enormous alligator back of the hotel. Wouldn't you like to go and see it?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Phil ungraciously, but he came up on the porch.

His mother appealed to her companions. "I should think a young man would like alligators."

Philip withdrew a hand from his pocket and extracted a small lizard.

"Want a chameleon?"

"No, of course not," said his mother hastily. "You know I hate them."

He extended his palm to Hilda with the little reptile in it. "Want it?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, none of you seem to like chameleons. Why should I like alligators?"

He placed the little beast on a vine that climbed one of the pillars and stood looking unutterably bored.

Mrs. Boyd resumed her dissertation on climate. "It's so difficult to find a suitable place. Palm Beach is so expensive, and Mr. Boyd is tired of Miami. Last year we tried Tampa. Going abroad doesn't seem to answer. Italy is too cold in winter, and I'm afraid of Sicily since the earthquake. On the whole, Florida is best, and we go to California every spring. I was wondering if next year we might try Bermuda. They have such good boats now."

Mrs. Fearon caught at the suggestion. "I wonder I never thought of Bermuda! It would be interesting. And English! Phil!" a little anxiously. "Don't you think you would like Bermuda?"

"Rats, Mother!" said Phil heartily. "I'd like Hoboken!"

HIS mother seemed to feel a sudden irritable desire to get rid of him. She turned instinctively to Hilda for help. "Oh, my dear, do take him for a walk! Miss Boyd will go for a walk with you, Phil."

Philip did not look enthusiastic, and Hilda rose reluctantly. She folded her work neatly, however, and dutifully prepared to go.

Mrs. Fearon looked after their retreating figures. "Young people are so peculiar," she sighed. "I really don't know what to do with Phil."

"I feel that way sometimes about Hilda," breathed Mrs. Boyd.

The two anxious, futile ladies looked at each other in a baffled bewilderment. Why should life be so difficult, in spite of all their forethought?

The young people apparently did not get on so well as their elders. Hilda, when her mother questioned her later about Philip, admitted that she did not like him much.

"He really is sulky, Mother."

"What did he say?" asked her mother.

"Oh, nothing much! He offered me some orange blossoms, and I said I didn't like them."

"That wasn't very polite."

"But it's true. I hate the smell. I said I wished I had some carnations."

"I don't see how any girl can hate the smell of orange blossoms," declared Mrs. Boyd, who belonged to a sentimental generation.

Hilda suddenly took her mother in her arms. "Oh, Mother dear! Can't we ever spend a winter in the North? I do so want to see the snow and feel the cold!"

Mrs. Boyd disengaged herself and turned reproachful eyes upon her daughter. "You are very selfish to talk so, Hilda," she said severely, and Hilda, with a sigh, picked up her embroidery and left the room.

Hilda's embroidery was an institution. She passed long mornings sewing on the hotel piazza, while white initials grew under her skilful fingers. Philip Fearon seemed to like to lounge near her, watching her at work. Hilda's mother did not approve of her daughter's industry, and gently intimated as much one day to Philip. "Hilda will keep sewing," she complained gently. "House linen and table linen. I can't think why she does it. I tell her I shall never keep house again."

THE young man waited until Mrs. Boyd was out of hearing; then he leaned forward and touched a fold of Hilda's work.

"Why do you do it? Is it just because you like to sew?"

The girl glanced down at the linen in her lap; then she raised her candid eyes and met his bravely. "I might get married some day."

"So you might." He added, rather awkwardly, "Would you like to? Get married, I mean."

"I don't know," said Hilda honestly. "I'd like to have a home." She sewed for a few minutes in silence; then her elemental frankness drove her to explanation.

"I suppose you think it's queer that I should say that; should plan to get married. But it isn't thought queer in Germany. My god-mother, Aunt Hilda, was German. She used to tell me that every German girl had a linen-chest, and sewed for it, and over there they have to have such quantities, you know. It would be a disgrace for a girl not to have enough. I began nine years ago, when I was a little girl, before Aunt Hilda died. She told me to learn how to cook and how to do things for myself, and not to be careless and extravagant. The linen isn't any expense to Mother, for after Aunt Hilda died, Uncle Arthur gave me her marriage-portion. It isn't very much, but I have my own pocket-money. The chest was full long ago, so now I am embroidering the things."

"Would you really like to keep house?" he asked.

Hilda dropped her work and clasped her hands. "Oh, wouldn't I? And I could do it, too! Oh, I'd sweep and scrub if necessary! I love to make things clean. And I can cook and wash and iron. You don't know how strong I am. To sit idle nearly kills me." She stretched her brave young arms above her head in passionate protest. "If I could only work at anything! I wanted Mother to let me be a trained nurse, but she wouldn't. Or if only we might live in one place and know people who are interested in real things. But we move about all the time from one health-resort to another. All the people we meet are idle or think they are ill. I'd like to serve on charity-boards, or help the hospitals, or even the people in prison. I'd like to know women with little children." She stopped and caught her breath with a short laugh. "Why, if one could even keep chickens it would be worth while; there would be something happening, something interesting, if it were only a little new chick out of the shell—but this life!"

He echoed her scorn. "That's it," he cried. "To live in one place! You've hit it! That's what we need. Why a fellow could help in the life of his town, could be a

part of it, could do something in its politics, perhaps, or at least have a say in the way things should go. Why, I'm twenty-three years old, and do you know, I've never even voted! We've never been home long enough. Oh, if it's a dog's life for a girl, what do you suppose it is for a man? To see your best years going and no chance to make anything out of them, while other fellows are getting a foothold. Why, I'm only half educated! I haven't even been through college. Mother took me away from Princeton." He flushed hotly and bowed his head in shame. "I'm good for nothing. I don't wonder you despise me."

"I DON'T despise you," cried Hilda, shocked and penitent. "I like you, really and truly I do. I only thought you were sulky, that was all." She held out her hand and he took it humbly. "I wish we could both get out of it," she said.

"I wish we could," he answered, "but I don't know how. Only you make me want to try. I have an uncle in New York who offered me a place once. I wish I'd taken it. No, I don't, for then I shouldn't have met you."

"I met you once before," said Hilda mischievously. "You have forgotten."

He stared, incredulous. "Where was it? It wasn't at Tarpon Springs, was it?" "Oh, no, not in Florida at all. It was in California last summer at Coronado Beach. We never spoke, but we were in the same hotel."

"I wondered why your face looked familiar!" he exclaimed. "To think I should have forgotten! But doesn't it just go to prove how we knock around? First one side of the continent, and then the other. Birds of Passage—that's what we are."

"Yes," said Hilda softly, "and no nest anywhere." Her heart beat an answer to his vehement words.

"Will you come for a row, this afternoon?" he asked awkwardly.

Hilda considered. "Yes," she said, after a little pause.

The afternoon was hot. They rowed a mile or two down the river in the shadow of the trees on the bank, and landed at an orange grove to rest. Piles of golden fruit lay under the trees, sorted for packing by the simple method of rolling them down an inclined trough in which were square holes of various sizes. The trim trees, still laden with fruit, were crowned at the same time with waxen bridal blossoms. A heavy perfume filled the air. There were a few lemon and mandarin trees in the grove and one which bore smaller fruit. Philip, reaching up, picked a yellow, plum-shaped cluster and offered it to Hilda. She shook her head. "Cumquats? I hate them; don't you?" He tossed them away.

Even under the trees the air was languid and summer-like. Hilda seated herself on the ground and throwing off her shade hat pushed back her loosened hair. Philip lounged against a tree looking down at her. She glanced up and smiled, and he leaned forward eagerly. "Look here," he said, boyishly. "May I ask you something?



"AND—SEE HERE! SUPPOSE A FELLOW ASKED YOU TO MARRY HIM."

It's rude, I know, but I want awfully to ask you, and you seem different from most girls; more honest, somehow—May I ask you?"

Hilda laughed. "What can it be? Yes, you may ask me. What is it?"

"Your hair," he stammered. "Look here. Is it all your own?"

Hilda laughed again. "Why, of course it is. But why do you want to know?"

"I knew it," he exulted. "Some of the women at the hotel said it couldn't be, but I knew you were honest all the way through."

His eyes followed the heavy intricate coils. "Great Scott! How long it is! It would come to your knees, wouldn't it, if it were down?"

"Yes, it would," said Hilda smiling.

"I'd like to see it down," he mused. She was silent.

"It looks so soft," he went on. "You wouldn't—wouldn't let me touch it, would you?"

Hilda made her usual little pause before replying, but her answer, when it came, was decided. "No! I don't like to be touched." She rose. "It is time to go," and she led the way to the boat. He followed slowly, his head hanging. She stepped into the stern without his assistance, gathering her skirts around her. Philip had apparently relapsed into the sulks again, but

he rowed swiftly, taking pains with his feathering.

"How well you row," she said involuntarily.

"I learned when I was a kid," he answered. "It's well I did, or I wouldn't know how."

At the landing-stage he stepped out quickly, and held the boat, but did not offer his hand. He raised his cap silently when they reached the hotel and turned away into the garden.

THAT evening a box of carnations arrived from New York for Hilda. There was no card with them. Hilda buried her face in their spicy fragrance. She arranged them lovingly in her room but did not wear them. If Philip looked at her expectantly as she entered the dining-room, he gave no other sign.

"Hilda is so peculiar," sighed Hilda's mother.

Philip's mother was again her confidante. "When I was a young girl, I liked to be admired, and if any one sent me flowers, I was glad enough to wear them. But Hilda is so practical. I sometimes think it was owing to her god-mother's influence. My husband's brother married a German lady. She was born a Baroness von Stolberg. Hilda is named for her. She was a lovely woman, but very practical."

For three days Philip avoided Hilda. On the third evening he waylaid her in the garden, standing squarely in her path.

"Look here," he blurted out, "I want to say something. I've thought it out. I didn't understand what you meant the other day, but I do now. You wouldn't let any fellow touch you, and you're right, too. It isn't because it's me."

"No," breathed Hilda softly.

[Concluded on page 50]

THE SOCIETY OF ALLIGATORS

By EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

Illustrated by ENOS B. COMSTOCK

THE grandfather clock in the corner of the shabby library at Professor Black's struck nine. Within the circle of light at the center-table, two childish figures were absorbed in an outspread paper. At the last stroke, Patty Ann looked up guiltily, for in professors' families in Bayville, children of ten were in bed by eight o'clock. Then, with a little fat hand, she deliberately turned up the wick of the Rochester lamp until the chimney was smoked an inky black.

"Swear, as you make your mark," whispered Patty Ann with a thrill. "Swear to donate your life to the promulgashun of Truth!" She gingerly blackened her own thumb inside the chimney.

Ilse, sitting opposite, tossed the red curls out of her eager eyes and pressed a lampblackened thumb beside Patty Ann's at the bottom of an elaborately written paper.

"I swear!" whispered Patty Ann dramatically. "I swear!" parrot-ed Ilse.

Then they shook hands.

On the table lay the preamble:

In order to form a more perfect Union, establish Truth, insure domestic Tranquility, promote the General Welfare and secure the Blessings of Goodness to Ourselves and our Prosperity, we do ordane to establish this Constitution.

Done in the Library by the unanimous consent of those present this first day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1914. In witness thereof we have herunto inscribed our names.

PATRICIA ANNE BLACK
ILSE BLACK

"Now we are a sa-siety," sighed Patty Ann comfortably, "we must do our Constitoooshun."

A black and a red head touched over the United States model in their grammar-school history. With wrinkled foreheads they divided attention between the organ of our fathers and a big unabridged dictionary. After many erasures, the Constitution lay formed beneath their hands—a grand ideal to live by, a creed for which to die!

When Patty Ann cleared her throat, Ilse settled back in her chair and fastened big brown eyes upon the reader.

"It's just like the United States," prefaced Patty.

Ilse nodded admiringly.

"And I'll read it that way—articles and all.

Article 1—We do establish this sa-siety for the Promulgashun of Truth, in ourselves, in Father and Mother, in all the Girls, each one of us being a State of our beloved Union, including Rover and Annie.

Article 2—The President will be Patricia Anne Black and the Vice-President Ilse Black. Next week change round.

Article 3—We pledge to allege the Truth, to assert, affirm, asseverate, aver, claim, declare, maintain, the Truth. [Ye shades of Webster!]

Article 4—Our Motto is W. A. T. We Are True! We are hereby ordered to write it on paper and pin inside our dress.

Article 5—Treason against this sa-siety shall consist in passing by an Untruth or in adhering to a liar, giving them aid and comfort.

Article 6—The Colors shall be White.

Article 7—Our Sign and Countersign of an Untruth shall be Cross fingers and Stick elbows out.

Article 8—Our Flower is the Grass because that is despised as Truth is. But Truth crushed to earth shall come up again. Amen!

Patty Ann ended with a proud flourish of voice.

"But we haven't any name," insinuated Ilse. "Who ever hear of a sa-siety without a name!"

Patty Ann bristled. "Read it," she commanded. "Don't we allege the truth?"

Ilse searched the foolscap.

"Then we're Al-lig-a-tors!" she remarked thoughtfully. "Nobody will ever, ever know!"

Patty Ann crossed fingers and stuck elbows out; Ilse responded in like. Then these two young members of Professor Black's big family—just as father, mother, and the five elder sisters were heard coming up the walk—these two, Patty Ann and Ilse, hid the Constitution in the old teapot on the library mantle and tiptoed off to bed.

The Society of Alligators was officially organized.

The next day, a glory of soul

bathed Patty Ann and Ilse. They walked on air, so blandly truthful were their minds and hearts. Patty Ann awoke with fingers crossed and Ilse declared that her elbow crooked itself all night. With mottoes pinned inside their little waists, they buttoned each other up and chanted W. A. T. in Chinese singsong all the way down-stairs to the dining-room, where the musical overflow called out reproof from their father.

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate, and paused for an answer. These young apostles, strong in their knowledge of the essence of Truth—was it not in the library tea-



"I SWEAR!" WHISPERED PATTY ANN DRAMATICALLY



"YOU SAID YOU'D ONLY STAY A MINUTE!" ILSE FACED MRS. MORROW

pot?—trudged off to school this last day of the week to brush wits with classmates.

Professor Black, respected occupant of the Chemistry chair at Bayville College, was getting stout over his beakers and retorts, so that it was awkward for him to stoop to the cupboard under the laboratory sink and hunt the cloth Ilse had used in her daily cleaning. In the Black family, each of the nine daughters had her assigned task, Ilse's was to dust; and the laboratory, back of the kitchen, was her pet aversion. At his impatient call, a red head appeared at the door.

"I dusted!" came the answer promptly. "All but the beakers—and the bookcase—and the China-closet—and the—and the table!" The little face smoothed out with the complacency of Truth told.

"Where's the dust-cloth?"

"In there."

Professor Black peered into the dark opening. "You never put things where you are told!" he remarked with pardonable acerbity. "Get the cloth."

THE curly head disappeared in the opening below the sink; finally Ilse made a dive behind a water-pipe and triumphantly brought out the rag.

Patty Ann was humming over the breakfast dishes in the next room, while Annie swept, up-stairs. Ilse well knew that she had heard the altercation. Her freckled hand stole upward and pressed a paper pinned inside the blouse over her heart. It was the motto—W. A. T. The Constitution in the old teapot flashed before her eyes. Should she or should she not? That was the question. Finally she threw her red curls back decisively.

"Father," she said calmly, "you told an untruth!"

"Wh—at!" came from a now fully exasperated parent.

"You said I never put things where I'm told!"

"Do you?"

Ilse was taken aback. "Sometimes!" she faltered.

"Don't be impertinent!" came the reprimand. "Things are never where they belong when I want them."

Ilse joined Patty Ann at the kitchen-sink. A shadow rested on her face, but her lips were pressed firmly together.

"Father didn't like what I said," she volunteered, as she wiped the cups and saucers and carried them into the dining-room.

When she returned, Patty Ann spoke meditatively, a new light in her eye. "We're apostles of Truth! All apostles are abused—the grass is trampled under foot!"

A smile lighted up Ilse's face. "We'll just keep on," she whispered rapturously, and picked up the silver. In the dining-room, she sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" soulfully until her father opened the laboratory door with the request that the noise cease.

Never mind! She was an Apostle of Truth, so she squared her small shoulders and went into the library to read. Before settling down in the Morris chair, she lifted the lid of the teapot reverently and touched the paper inside. It filled her with a vague enthusiasm and a brilliant idea. She cut out of water-color paper two small, lizard-like creatures and painted them a grassy green.

"We'll pin them on," she said to herself, "to be a reminder."

So it happened that the Black family at the dinner hour of this eventful Saturday was much mystified by the appearance in their midst of two brilliant green Alligator symbols.

"What do they mean?" scoffed the twins.

OH—nothing!" equivocated Patty Ann, until Ilse crossed her fingers; then she retracted: "It's a secret, I mean!" Saturday afternoon Mrs. Morrow, the wife of the president of the College, rang the door-bell with a louder ring than she intended. She was all apologetic when Patty Ann came to the door.

"It did make an awful racket," admitted Patty Ann candidly.

"If your mother is busy, I will stay only a minute," said Mrs. Morrow as she sat down in the parlor. "Tell her it's about the missionary society."

"She's busy—making pies!" volunteered Ilse, who had come in.

Then Mrs. Black entered. "I am so glad to see you," she welcomed cordially. "Take your things right off and spend the afternoon."

"But you are busy," demurred Mrs. Morrow.

"Oh, no, not at all!" fabricated Mrs. Black heartily.

Ilse and Patty Ann simultaneously crossed fingers and stuck elbows out.

"Mother," they cried in unison.

Both ladies turned in surprise.

"The pies—" Patty Ann raised an accusing finger at her mother.

"You said you'd only stay a minute!" Ilse faced Mrs. Morrow.

"Why, children!" Mrs. Black looked indignantly at the two little girls sitting righteously side by side on the sofa. Ilse was fingering her alligator.

Mrs. Morrow bridged the awkward pause. "I thought you would prepare the paper for our next meeting," she began. "It is next week—"

"I am so sorry," apologized Mrs. Black, "but I can't come. I have something else planned for that day!"

"Mother!" Patty Ann had risen to her full four feet plus. "You said you wouldn't go because you thought the papers were unpractical—I heard you tell Father!"

Mrs. Black flushed, then she turned to her much-astounded visitor. "Excuse her, please! She isn't well!" she offered simply. "Come, Patty Ann."

"Why, Mother!" Patty Ann held her hand indignantly over her heart. "I'm per-fect-ly well!"

"Come, Patricia," repeated her mother quietly. "Excuse me a moment. 'Ilse, show Mrs. Morrow those snapshots.' Then she led her young daughter to the dining-room and quietly closed the door.

"It was an untruth!" Patty Ann faced her mother nervously.

"Stick out your tongue!" said Mrs. Black calmly.

Patty Ann was so surprised that she obeyed.

I SEE," said her mother. "Take one of these every hour." She lifted a box of pills from the sideboard. "Don't come into the parlor—go lie down." With that she left her.

"What's the matter?" demanded Ilse, who rushed in as soon as her mother rejoined Mrs. Morrow. "Mother says you're sick!"

"Sick!" ejaculated Patty Ann, her face a study of disgusted martyrdom. Then she snapped her little mouth shut like a steel trap, marched over to the window, and threw the pills—box and all—clear across the lawn to Rover.

After supper the two eldest girls were busily dressing for a college dance. Madge had been ill all day with neuralgia and still looked pale. It was a flower party, so when they were ready, the family flocked in to admire the ingenious costumes.

"They are lovely," praised the mother. "Aren't they, children?"

Seventeen-year-old Beryl nodded from the floor, where she was tying the bows on Gloria's slippers. "Peaches!" she said.

"Glory's all right!" commented Patty Ann critically. "But Madge looks sick in that pink stuff!"

"She does," Ilse seconded; "she looks—yellow!"

Madge's eyes flashed hurt indignation.

"She looks lovely!" insisted Gloria emphatically.

Mrs. Black looked puzzled. "She's a little pale, now, but it is quite becoming, dear." She smiled at Madge.

After the girls left, their mother waited in the parlor.

"Patricia, I wish you would learn to control your tongue," she rebuked. "You are getting very disagreeable. And you, too, Ilse."

"Mother, it was the truth!" Patty Ann maintained with wet eyes.

"Truth or no truth," insisted the mother indignantly, "think of other people's feelings. How would you like to go to a dance if some little busybody said you looked yellow?"

"It was the truth!" came the despairing cry of vindication.

"Be more tactful, dear," advised the mother. And that was all the commendation the Apostles of Truth got.

"Seems to me," observed Patty Ann with a queer shake of her little head, "seems to me, Ilse, being tactful is—just—just telling lies!"

Although the Society for the Promulgation of Truth had been formed only the day before, it seemed to the two disciples of veracity as if years had passed since its inception. Both felt old, positively aged in truth-telling; both felt weary, actually worn out with the responsibilities of securing Absolute Truth—Truth unadulterated by exaggeration, quibble, or hyperbole; Truth untarnished by the White-Lie of Society or the Polite Fib of Tact; Truth ungrayed by the half-truth or the silence that gives credence to a lie.

"What are you doing?" charged the ubiquitous fifteen-year-old twins to the two children communing at the library window.

"Nothing!" Patty Ann veered impatiently. Then she drew in her breath quickly. "Yes, something—we're—we're—"

"Oh, excuse us!" murmured the twins sarcastically. "You're very polite, I'm sure. We wouldn't disturb you for the world." And they sailed out of the room.

In a few minutes, the mother and Beryl came in.

"You should be in bed, Patty," remonstrated Mrs. Black gently.

"I—feel—well!"

"What's the matter with her?" began Beryl sympathetically.

"I don't know," hesitated her mother, "but neither she nor Ilse can be well! I had a hard time making Mrs. Morrow understand your rudeness, Patty—it was unpardonable."

Patty Ann wore the look of a martyr; Ilse of an adoring angel. They were verily Apostles of Truth.

"Mercy!" yawned Beryl, "I think I walked a hundred miles to-day!"

The little girls in the window-seat straightened.

"We were ages getting home—"

"Tisn't true!" exploded Patty Ann. "You couldn't walk a hundred miles!"

"For goodness' sake, don't take me literally!" laughed Beryl. "You know what I mean!"

"But it's a lie!" came the Reproof Valiant. "You couldn't walk a hundred miles."

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"I SEE," SAID HER MOTHER. "TAKE ONE OF THESE EVERY HOUR."

THE NURSE AT THE FRONT

WHAT IT MEANS TO WEAR A RED CROSS IN TIME OF WAR

By SARAH COMSTOCK

A GREAT white ship put forth from New York harbor on the twelfth of September, 1914. In crowded waters where, day after day, vessels come and go and nobody notices, this one went, as one man said (and his head was bared when he said it), like a "bride to the altar". There was a solemn hush; then, bursting from every throat, a tremendous cheer; fluttering from every steamer, a tremendous salute of the flags of all nations.

It was the Mercy Ship, the "Red Cross".

From a land of safety and peace it sailed straight for the noise and peril of war. Hospital supplies went with it, and food, and clothing, and surgeons, and attendants; but the most significant fact of the whole story is this: One hundred and twenty-four nurses went without obstacle or criticism, and those nurses were women.

Do you realize that, no longer ago than the Spanish-American war, woman's work in the midst of war was grudgingly accepted, and that it was difficult for the Red Cross nurses to aid the wounded, because "soldiers' hospitals were no place for women"? That was in 1898, only sixteen years ago.

The Russian Red Cross, which, even then, was well organized, offered its services both to us and to Spain at the time, but only Spain took advan-

zone is taken as a matter of course, and all of New York harbor, which means a gathering of all nations, raised its voice, its bands, and its flags to hail the women who were sailing forth to face this terrible unknown.

Just what does that "unknown" mean? What does a Red Cross nurse face when she goes to the front?

Let's say her name is Miss Anna Robinson, and she comes from Chicago. From five thousand trained Red Cross nurses who volunteered for the service, Anna Robinson is one of the hundred and thirty-six chosen. These hundred and thirty-six stood as rigid a test as ever was given in the history of nursing, and were selected for the staff of the "Red Cross" and the additional group of twelve who went to Serbia. Not one of the five thousand applying but was skilled, capable, and willing. But the hundred and thirty-six were judged as peculiarly adapted to the mission in hand. It is interesting to know why.

In the first place, a war nurse must have endurance almost beyond belief. The nurse at home must be sturdy, but she is never called upon to meet undue strain. In fact, it is urged upon her as one of her duties to keep herself fit. But, in war time, the one person on earth whom she must forget is that same "herself". Sleep must be ignored in a crisis, fatigue does not exist in her vocabulary, and if there is



Photo by International News Service

A BRITISH YEOMANRY NURSE;
(BLOW) OUR AMERICAN
NURSES READY TO SAIL



SERBIAN NURSE WITH WOUNDED MONTENEGRIN

tage of them. We preferred to use our own organization, poorly equipped as it was, because we thought nurses, women nurses, almost useless appendages. That was only a score of years ago, and now the Red Cross work of the women is deemed almost as important as the fighting of the soldiers themselves. To-day their presence in the war



SERBIAN NUNS ARE JOINING THE RED CROSS

any scarcity of food, the simple brief creed of the Red Cross is, "Patients first". That tells the story.

Battles do not regard conveniences of time and weather. There was, for instance, a report in October: "Van Kluck fights all night". Think of what this means. All night long, and it was foggy and chilling, the wounded were falling on the firing line and being picked up, when opportunity offered, and carried back to surgeons and nurses who received them. Nobody thought of going to bed—not even a cat-nap was possible. All night long the surgeons were probing for bullets, extracting bits of shell, placing splints on fractures. And behind them stood the nurses, their nerves steady, their hands sure, binding up the wounds with aseptic bandages, giving stimulants, pressing ice to a forehead here, offering liquid food to a famished man there, working, working, working, as if they were machines wound up never to run down.

ONE of the greatest feats of endurance previously performed by women nurses was after the battle of San Juan Hill. It occurred on the first and second of July, during terrific heat in a tropical climate. An operating tent was hurriedly erected, tables set up, and the surgeons began, taking the wounded men one by one as fast as they could handle them. Only three Red Cross nurses were there to assist but those three women worked thirty



VOLUNTEER NURSES CARING FOR THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN AN IMPROVED ANTWERP HOSPITAL



AN AUSTRIAN RED CROSS NURSE, WITH HER EQUIPMENT, READY TO LEAVE FOR THE FRONT



SOME BELGIAN NURSES AND WOUNDED IN A DUTCH BORDER HOSPITAL

hours without sleep, and with only an occasional pause for a few minutes, just long enough to turn away from that long line of wounded men whose pain they had helped assuage and to swallow a cup of coffee and a cracker. Incidentally, Miss Clara Barton wrote to a friend: "We heard nothing more about a woman nurse being out of place in a soldiers' hospital."

Now that thirty-hour stretch is a tremendous record. But it is sure to be outdone in this European war. And it is sure to be repeated over and over. So in-

conceivably immense is the list of killed and wounded that all the nurses and doctors whom various nations have sent to the front are but a drop in the bucket, and they must endure beyond what they ever dreamed they could endure. Besides the emergencies which may keep them at work for a day and a night and even more without stopping, there is a steady strain of fifteen or sixteen hours a day being put upon them by this continuous battle of weeks, such as war has never known before. Morning after morning, not before one o'clock, the nurses are dragging themselves off to bed, to fall like soldiers in a trench until the summons comes to begin the next day's early work.

Miss Robinson, who is known to every one as "Sister", in accordance with the Red Cross custom, was working one night over a dying Frenchman. She had a cup of hot milk from which she was feeding the man a spoonful at a time. Just for a second her hand shook and she spilled a few drops.

THE soldier turned, with what little strength he had left, and looked at her keenly. She was very white. "You are exhausted," he said, in French which she understood, because she had studied it in a class all the way across the Atlantic.

She smiled. "Oh, we nurses are never exhausted," she said lightly, and tried to go on with the feeding.

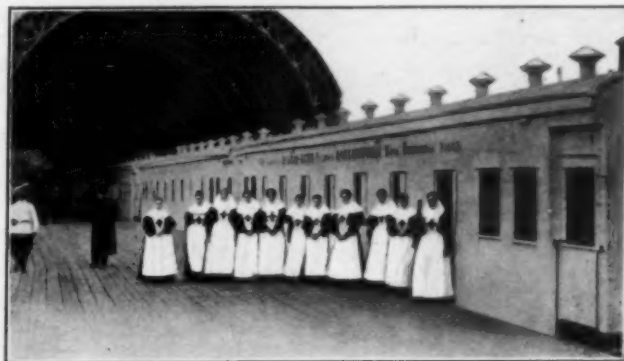
But the man refused to take more milk.

"You—have not—eaten," he muttered, evidently recognizing the signs of fasting.

"We don't have time to feel hungry," she replied cheerily, and tried again. But something was disturbing the soldier. He was growing too weak to talk; but, at last, she made out his broken words.

"You—take the milk," he was urging. "You—

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RUSSIAN NURSES STARTING FOR THE BATTLEFIELDS



NO DOUBT SHE WOULD BE EXPECTING HIM TO MAKE LOVE TO HER

THE SUBSTITUTE

By ANNE UELAND TAYLOR

Illustrated by HOMER CONANT

JOAN was a mouse-like, plain little thing, but she was useful. Sometimes she seemed especially made to serve the whims of the two beautiful cousins in whose house she lived.

Melissa Greenleaf thought of her at once when Jason Tanner was announced. What sport it would be to send Joan down to see him in her own place, homely, awkward, speechless little Joan, leave that proud and dashing man of the world mystified and tormented for a while, and then, after a leisurely toilet, appear herself before him, banishing the bad dream! Melissa was bored that warm September afternoon, and in a mood for comedy.

At first, Joan cried out passionately that, oh, she couldn't! They had called her into Melissa's big, cool, chintzy bedroom. Melissa, elegantly slothful in a white silk peignoir, was lying on a little sofa, her slim knees drawn up. Lucile, already dressed, was deep in a chair by the open window, idly polishing the nails of one hand in the pink palm of another. Her brown velvet eyes envisaged Joan appraisingly, as she stood with her back to the closed door, her flushed face full of protest and appeal.

"Come in, my dear girl," Melissa stretched out a languidly imperious hand. "It isn't necessary for you to understand. I've told you just what you are to do. Very well, then, do it! You are Melissa Greenleaf, and you met him only once three years ago. You have had many letters from him. He's to think that he made a mistake in the name, and has been making love to the wrong girl—been making love to—to you!" Melissa went off in a peal of laughter. Joan watched her gravely.

"Oh," gasped Melissa, wiping her eyes, "I'd like to see his face when he sees her!"

"When he begins to wonder how he can get out of it—" began Lucile, then choked with laughter.

Joan looked from one pretty, mirth-shaken creature to the other. "I suppose it wouldn't do," she said slowly, "for Lucile to go, instead of me? You know how much I—how I can't bear to do it."

The sisters looked blankly at each other.

"Heavens no, child! What would be the point?" said Lucile.

"No point at all, stupid. Can't you see?" said Melissa, petulantly.

Suddenly, homely little Joan set her teeth and said: "Very well, then, I will! I will do it!" And stalked out.

Jason Tanner was pacing back and forth across the vine-covered brick terrace which opened off the drawing-room and hung over a very charming little garden. He had been altogether too expectant, too eager, to sit patiently indoors, and after waiting nearly half an hour, had pushed open the French windows and stepped outside. From time to time, now, he stopped in the doorway and looked across the drawing-room to the broad white stair.

He was not without a twinge of amusement at his own state of agitation. Because, after all, he kept telling himself, he was not a romantic youth, but a man turned thirty, fairly worldly, sophisticated, city-worn. Yet, here he was in a perfect fettle of expectation, and having all kinds of absurd, boyish thrills because he was about to see again a woman with whom he had fallen in love, or nearly in love, three years before, and never seen again. He paused in his walk and stood looking down, unseeing, at a bed of tall pink snap-dragons, a faint smile drawing down the corners of his lips. A little scornfully he was recalling the words of his last letter, ardent, youthful words.

HE turned eagerly at the sound of a step at the door, then saw that it was not his goddess. A drab slip of a girl stood framed in the doorway, looking at him curiously and not saying a word. Her oddly-shaped face, wide across the eyes, with high cheek-bones and pointed chin, was tanned but pale; her unilluminated brown hair was parted on one side and drawn into a little knot at the top of her neck; her collarless white blouse and white linen skirt hung loosely on a slight, straight body.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Tanner, a little discomfited, "I came out to see the garden—"

"I'm afraid you've been waiting a long time, Mr. Tanner," said the girl, and held out a brown hand. He took it blankly, and felt her hard little palm clasp his boyishly. Then she smiled at him, and a touch of color came into her face. "We've missed seeing each other so many times, haven't we?" He caught the gleam of a wistful smile that seemed to lie deep in her pale brown eyes, rather than on her lips.

"Haven't we, though?" Tanner murmured, not very brilliantly; "I don't know why I've had such luck."

A pause. Then he put his worst fear to the test. "The three times I've been within a thousand miles, you—you've been abroad, or in the South—haven't you?" It was coming to him, sweeping over him desolatingly, that this colorless person, this outrageously plain, little thing, was Melissa Greenleaf. Then the Melissa of his imagination was some other woman—God knew who, or where she was!

HIS awful blunder began to take shape in his mind, while he talked along conventionally. So he had lost his bright goddess. An unreasonable rage against this girl possessed him, as if she had been somehow to blame. No doubt she would be expecting him to make love to her!

They sat in low Bombay chairs facing the garden. The girl crossed her knees, folded her hands behind her head, and observed him quizzically. "You—you looked as if you had forgotten me for a moment," she remarked.

"No, did I, indeed?" he returned, plainly trying to be natural. "I'm not very likely to have done that, you know."

"It's just that you find me changed, perhaps? I hope I have."

"Hope you've changed, do you?" said Tanner, rather savagely. "Ah! You want to grow bigger and better with all life's experiences, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," she said calmly, "not necessarily that. Often I like to change for the worse. It's just changing completely enough, and often enough, that I want. When you have your doubts about having any other chance at living, it makes it seem important to have as many lives as possible while you're at it." Here she smiled. This time it was an out and out smile that changed her face. After just a flash, she became plain again. Tanner was startled.

He smiled back at her with more friendliness, and sat silent for a moment. Then he protested: "Doesn't that make it a bit hard on poor me? All these changes of yours, I mean. Couldn't you change back to what you were when I knew you?"

THE girl tipped her chair back, placed one soft-shod foot against a plaster pillar, and seemed to meditate.

"I forget what I was, then. Was I early-Victorian? Wearing a rose in my hair and weeping with delight when you gave me a smile?"

Tanner laughed heartily. "Well, no, not quite that."

"Let me think. Oh, I hope I wasn't helping you to be good?"

"Never a bit."

"Perhaps I was a woman

with a secret sorrow. Earrings to my shoulders? Deep, bitter eyes? French memoirs?"

Tanner looked at her curiously. Animation, color, life had come into her face.

"Not even that describes you, versatile woman that you are. But don't bother to change back. I don't half mind you, just as you are."

"Really?"

They chatted along in a vein of spirited nonsense. Presently the girl stood up.

"I should like to walk along the river," she said.

"Would you mind?"

"No; I'd like it immensely. Ready now?"

"I'll get my hat."

Left to himself, Tanner strolled thoughtfully to the edge of the terrace and stood scowling down at the flaming snap-dragons. Then he smiled.

The girl flew up the stairs. Melissa's door was open.

"Joan! Come here!" cried her cousins. She paused in the door. Melissa was sitting at her dressing-table, a cloud of gold-colored hair on her shoulders.

"Tell us all about it! How did he take it?" she demanded.

"Does he know yet? Does he still think—Tell us, Jonie!"

Said Joan: "I think he took it very bravely."

IT will be rich to see him when I go down," said Melissa, beginning to put up her hair. "He will think he has lost his mind." She tucked in an amber comb. "Oh, don't go, Joan! Stay and tell us everything." Joan turned, with her hand on the door-knob.

"Afraid I can't stop," she said. "We are going down the river road."

"We? Who?" Melissa put down mirror and combs, and held up the coils of her hair with one hand while she stared at Joan.

"Oh, no, Joan," she said, after a second, "that won't be necessary. You've done all I could ask of you, and thank you very much. You needn't bother any more."

"We'll be back for tea," murmured Joan, very gently.

Melissa stuck in three or four hairpins rapidly. "Don't be absurd," she said severely. "Don't run away with your privileges. I'm going down myself, directly. I'll be dressed in ten minutes."

But Joan was gone.

As they came around the curve of road that gave a glimpse of the white stucco house ahead, Tanner uttered a little exclamation of annoyance.

"Why, I thought surely it was miles further on," he complained.



"DID YOU—
DID YOU REALLY
WANT ME?"

"No, this is the end of it," she returned, with slight emphasis.

He stopped abruptly. "You mean to-day? Because I was planning to—I thought I might come out again tomorrow. You know I've been waiting all these years to see you again, and now you're—"

She lifted her eyebrows in the quaint way she had, and shook her head. "Really, the very last time I shall see you," she said.

Jason Tanner felt quite bitter and injured. Here he had been following her, devoting himself to her for years! This he actually felt, warmly, for an instant. Then he recognized, in a humorous flash, that if he had had his wits about him, he would never have looked at her twice. Still he was dismayed. He wanted to go on with this adventure. There were things about her that he longed to probe—little mysteries, reticences, hints of a mind working freshly. There was her smile, which he had not yet fathomed; there was—now that he came to think about it—there were a dozen urgent reasons why he wanted to see her again.

They walked up the curving drive slowly, silent for a moment. Then he said firmly, in the voice of a man who has made up his mind: "If you think for a moment that I'm going to let you slip away—lose sight of you again, after all these years—"

She smiled: "You'll soon forget me. Here we are." They were on the little terrace again, and she motioned him into a chair. "I'll just tell them to bring tea to us here."

Then Melissa appeared.

Tanner saw her through a mist of bewilderment as she stood there smiling at him. The other one had slipped away without a word, just melted quietly away, like frost in sunshine. He forgot that she had been there. For quite a blundering, dazed moment, he stood staring. Then Melissa went to him with a little rush, white hands outstretched. "I'm not a ghost," she cried, with a gay laugh. "I'm really Melissa."

"You are?" he said stupidly. "You really are?" She suddenly ceased laughing, and bowed her head until he could see the shimmering, inviting waves of gold in her soft hair.

"Forgive me," she murmured, head bent penitently, voice deliciously contrite.

"Confess first. What's it all about? I see I've been making some blunders."

"It started as the mildest little joke," she began, confidently, sitting down and motioning him to a chair. "But don't look at me so fiercely!"

"I'm quite harmless," he assured her, just a little coldly, perhaps, for a man who was addressing his goddess.

"I was coming down in three minutes! As soon as I finished my hair. But Joan—"

"Joan, is it?"

OUR cousin. Nice child, really. But smitten with a fatal passion for you, evidently. She wouldn't let you be rescued. Just as I am ready to rush down—she ups and runs away with you!"

A maid appeared, wheeling out a wicker tea-cart set with gaily-colored China. With a deftness and grace that proclaimed polite tea-pouring a major part of her destiny, Melissa filled the cups, putting in the exact amount of sugar, the inevitable amount of cream, without so much as wavering in her charming flow of talk and laughter and bubbling vivacity.

"My poor little plot got so much thicker, what with Joan turning into the villainess unexpectedly—cakes? sandwiches?—do take both kinds—and carrying off the hero—"

"You don't think Joan could possibly be sympathized with as the victim?" he inquired, with the lift of an eyebrow, and just the faintest suspicion of sarcasm in his tone.

"Oh, my dear man, no! She's had the treat of her lifetime. We're the victims, you and I. Think of the time we've lost!" Whereupon they were launched into one of the gay, bantering, challenging dialogues which were as the breath of life in Melissa's nostrils, and in which every man was compelled to bear himself with honor if he expected to hold or gain Melissa's regard.

Joan, in her bedroom up-stairs, caught, now and then, the murmur of their voices through the open windows. She was sitting before her little dressing-table, arranging and rearranging her hair, and trying very hard not to think about those voices down-stairs.

It was half-past three, the next afternoon, in Melissa's bedroom. Melissa was dressing. Her sister was reading on the sofa. Joan, wearing a rumpled white tennis dress, had just come into the room to look for her racket and ball, which Lucile had borrowed a couple of days before and failed to return. She paused in the doorway, a little curiously.

"He's wonderfully attractive," Melissa was saying, "wonderfully—oh, I don't know—different! He really—interests me." Joan sat down on the edge of a chair, her cheeks a little flushed.

"So he forgave the trick you played on him?" asked Lucile.

"He was really raging!" Melissa gave a little laugh and shrug. "But he forgave—oh, he forgave me!" She dimpled and hummed, and went trailing across the room to her wardrobe.

"Hook me, Joan." She had slipped an old-gold colored gown over her shining hair, and stood with her back to Joan.

"This is the loveliest dress, Melissa," said Joan, shyly. "It's so—so sheer and delicate. My idea of an astral envelope. Does this go around here?"

"No, no, underneath. Hurry! I've simply got to be ready when he comes."

Joan bit her lips and bent closer over the fastenings.

LUCILE, you may come down and have tea with us. Come in." A maid opened the door. "Is Miss Joan—? Oh, Miss Joan, for you." She went to her with a card-tray. Joan picked up a visiting-card with a startled face.

"For me?" she murmured, flushing deeply.

"Who, for heaven's sake?" cried Melissa.

"A caller for Jonie!" laughed Lucile. Joan read the card again:

"Why, Melissa," she faltered, "it says—it's Mr. Jason Tanner."

She fled to her room, to her glass, and looked at herself, with her strange bright eyes and parted lips. She pulled down her hair and began to put it up again with trembling fingers. She dressed it a new way, with a soft wave pulled over her brow, with a smooth, lifted knot at the back. She looked at herself gravely, and critically. For a moment, she thought she did not look so hopelessly plain.

Then she suddenly pulled it all down again, slapped a brush over it, twisted it once more into its tight little knot.

She went down to him, just as she was, in her limp white tennis dress.

He was in the drawing-room, standing before the open window, his back to the door. He did not hear her soft footfall on the heavy rug.

She advanced into the room a few steps, then stopped.

"Did you—did you really want me?" she asked shyly.

Tanner turned swiftly. Two long strides brought him to Joan.

"I really wanted you," he said, and took both her little hands almost fiercely. For a few seconds he held them, looking into her upturned, wondering face. Then he laughed a queer little husky laugh.

"I always wanted you," he said, in a low voice, "you dear thing!"

BEHIND THE FRONTIERS

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Author of *The Palace of Darkened Windows*

IT seemed to us all too horrible to be true—this Great War of Europe—and certainly too horrible to have been intentional. We felt, as the first headlines screamed their heart-breaking tragedies at us, as if some fearful and unforeseen explosion had occurred; as if the Crowned Heads, like unruly and reckless boys, had been playing with matches too dangerously near their powder hoards, and this appalling and unpremeditated catastrophe had resulted. We were in the full tide, we thought, of a century of progress—of feminism, of sympathy, of humanity. The world was peopled with our brothers and our sisters. We had built a Palace to Peace. The show of soldiery, so glittering in Europe, was, we were told, the surest security of that peace. No civilization, now, would dare evoke the slaughter of a modern war.

It has taken us in America a little time to see beyond this—and back into the centuries which made this war. It is not the thing of a moment; not the flare of a King's anger, nor a Czar's resentment, nor the rage of a Kaiser. It is an explosion, but the explosion was smoldering under the crust of that picturesque Europe we thought we knew so well. Its fires have been burning for a long, long time.

While men and girls of all the nations were marrying, and dreaming dreams, and building homes, and bringing little bright-eyed babies into the world, the guns were being built, the powder was being tested which was to blow those little babies into oblivion. And while the babies were growing up, some of them into jolly little school-boys and others into rosy little girls, the roads were being mapped over which those little boys were to march against each other, while the girls waited in helpless agony at home. If those young mothers of Europe could have known, as they tenderly nursed their little sons' childish troubles and youthful fevers, what ghastly deaths and lonely tortures were waiting for them—why, I think they would not have shed so many tears over the wee graves that held the children that did not grow up to be soldiers!

And why was it to be? Why are these young men, the flower and youth of their lands, of Serbia, of Austria,



ENORMOUS GERMAN SIEGE GUN WITH CENTIPEDE WHEELS
Photo by Brown Bros., N.Y.

at their countries' call, but that the call is a righteous one, and one that was sure to come? That is what is so puzzling to us—to be told that this war was inevitable, that it was "natural", unavoidable. Why was it all bound to come about?

First, we must realize that Europe is the oldest child of tradition, the heir of prejudice and convention and prerogative, the inheritor of all the mailed armor, the hampering feuds and envies and grievances of the past. Over here in America, we started with only a family quarrel, and the few scores chalked up by us have long since been wiped off the slate. We bear no grievances; nor have we any cause to.

Europe is a full of grudges as memory can retain, and each can be fanned into a blaze of popular indignation when national interests conflict, as they are always apt to. Every country, like a half-grown youngster, has at some time or other acted just as badly as it dared. And the impression has survived, under all the show of civilization and friendliness and peace prayers and good will, that the original disposition remains the same.

Germany has a profound distrust of English intention. England is positive that Germany is aching to push her off the map. France feels that her pockets will be picked the moment she takes her eyes away. Serbia is fearful that her existence is menaced. Austria is convinced that the walls of her house are being secretly undermined. Russia believes that only the fiercest dogs of war can keep the intruders from her front yard. Only little Belgium felt reasonably secure, lulled by the respect for her neutrality



WAR AND PEACE
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that even the Franco-Prussian war observed, but still even Belgium was having bad dreams—hence the enlargement of her army.

You see, the problem of Europe is a complicated one! There are ten groups of nations over there, six of whom are known as the Great Powers—Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, France, and Italy. They were separated in the beginning by boundaries that were called "natural" chiefly because they were untakable. These Great Powers are made up, almost every one, of several divergent nationalities, sometimes harmonious, sometimes assimilated, sometimes revolted and revolting. There are four main religions in Europe: the Moslem, numbering, two years ago, eight millions; the Protestant, numbering one hundred millions; the Roman Catholic, one hundred and eighty millions; and the Greek Catholic, one hundred and ten millions. Religious wars have been many and bitter, but in this Great War to-day we see Protestant and Catholic fighting side by side, with no regard for religious differences, but only for the support of their nationality. The deep, primary cause for this war is not controversial, nor racial, nor revengeful, though these factors are terribly fanning the flames. The cause for it is in Big Business—the Big Business of Government and Money-making—the desire of the nations for certain



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
AUSTRIAN WOMEN LEAVING
BULLETIN BOARDS WHICH
BEAR POSTED LISTS OF DEAD



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
THE AVENGERS, THE FRENCH ARTILLERY, PASSING THROUGH A
TOWN JUST VACATED BY THE GERMANS, AND STILL BURNING



Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.
THE STRIPLING PRINCE OF WALES AS LIEUTENANT OF HIS
REGIMENT

natural advantages of territory, for power and commercial expansion. And this desire has been rooted and watered and tended through the years by that ancient and lamentably unaltered conviction of the nations that property rights are written with the sword!

No wonder that mutual distrust peeped out the windows while Peace was talking at the doors!

Suppose we try to go behind the different frontiers for a moment, and see if we cannot discover for ourselves what thoughts are at work and what influences have shaped them.

Now, in the beginning, Russia was a natural ally of Germany. The interests of both nations were identical, pressing for expansion upon the countries to their west. Bismarck stated this very clearly, and endeavored to put it into effect. He substituted for the theory of Balance of Power, so long in vogue, a system of hard and fast alliances, and formed, in 1866, the first Triple Alliance, which was to perpetuate the mutual allegiance of the three emperors, the Hohenzollerns of Prussia, the Hapsburgs of Austria, and the Romanoffs of Russia.

But the expected brotherhood failed to arrive. Russia's diplomatic relations with Germany grew strained, and her sympathies wavered to France; so in 1875 the Alliance was dissolved, and Bismarck formed a second Triple Alliance, with Italy in third place. This al-

liance has just been dissolved by Italy's declaration of neutrality, maintaining that she was pledged to her allies only in defensive action, and that they had failed to consult her, according to the treaty's requirements, before undertaking the campaign. Italy's place in the Alliance was always an unnatural one, for she has never forgotten nor forgiven Austrian occupation of her territory, and their interests now are constantly conflicting upon the Adriatic seaboard. So, if Italy enters the war—and the curse of war is the contagion of its fever for gain—it will certainly be not for, but against Austria, to win for herself the Italian-speaking districts of Trentino and Trieste.

BUT we are getting away from the frontiers that are in actual warfare.

If we go back to the Triple Alliance, and step over into Germany territory, we find ourselves at once in the midst of a great tradition. There, the Prussian dynasty is securely at the head of a strongly centralized empire, founded on what was once a confederation of jealous and bickering states.

After the downfall of Napoleon, these states drew nearer and nearer each other, realizing the danger that his supremacy had brought to their very nationality, and anxious to lay aside their petty quarrels in the upbuilding of a noble family structure. At that time, Austria, the

most dominant German state, was a great obstacle to the unity which the Confederation of the Rhine desired, for Austria wished no union to rival her own power; but in 1866 the German arms were able to inflict a crushing blow upon Austria, and this battle of Königgrätz marked the supremacy of the German empire. With rare foresight, Bismarck prevented the Kaiser from despoiling Austria, perceiving the identity of their interests; and with fine statecraft, he leagued Austria with Germany in those Triple Alliances of which we have been talking.

From then on, Germany's course has been an amazing development. In the war of 1870 she inflicted a crushing blow upon France, whose strength had been drained by Napoleonic excess, and took away from the defeated



East whose enormous population will be educated each year to innumerable wants for "made in Germany" goods; and the Belgian and French, or the Dutch, sea coast offers the desired ports.

So this war has long been considered "inevitable" in Germany; a "natural necessity" because of the superior commercial position and economic power of England and France. And from this war—or the next—Pan-Germanism dreams to build a great confeder-

THE KAISER ISSUING ORDERS TO HIS OFFICERS
Copyright by G. Bruchard



A FRENCH ARMY DIRIGIBLE FLYING OVER THE TROOPS
Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.



A GERMAN OFFICER WATCHING THE BOMBARDMENT OF ANTWERP FROM AN ARMORED CAR
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tion, a new world-state comprising Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, and Asia Minor, embracing the best ports on the North Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean and giving an all-rail route from Berlin and Vienna to the Persian Gulf and India.

This Pan-Germanic ideal is to be found, of course, behind the frontier in Austria-Hungary, but here racial disturbances have had much to do with things. Austria is not a growth, not a people, not a blood unit; it is a govern-

ment by the German Hapsburgs, as feudal lords over Germans and Slavs and Croats and Magyars and Ruthenians and Serbs. For six hundred and thirty-five years the Hapsburgs have held the empire together. "Govern and change nothing," was the advice of the emperor in 1835 to his son, and the son changed nothing so steadfastly that, until the spirit of the times changed things, the Austrian régime was the most dominating and exasperating and autocratic in Europe.

But though in 1848 Francis Joseph began his

[Continued on page 80]

country, the territories of Alsace and Lorraine to extend her frontier, a blow from which France still aches.

Her area, 209,000 square miles, was then equal to that of France, but her population has been increasing at a much more rapid rate, until now, with sixty-five million inhabitants, she feels the need of greater space and easier access to the markets of the world. This war is to her a "simple economic necessity". It will relieve the pressure of the greater Germany that is to be. It has in it an element of Slavic warning that the German power is to be massed against the Slavs outside the empire, while it will protect the Slavs within if they remain loyal. But Russia is not the direction in which Germany desires to move; Germany wants seaports for the new markets of the



SOLDIERS QUARTERED IN THE BALLROOM OF AN ESTATE NEAR LIEGE
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THE CROWNING

A SERIAL STORY

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

WHAT IT IS ABOUT: The accidental substitution of the Countess d'Espinac's passport for her own, and her decision to use it to prevent any delay in her journey with her maid to Vienna; the stopping of her train at Terek, the capital of the little kingdom of Arcanidia, and her removal from it by train officials on a pretext, only to see the train go on without her; her inquiry of a handsome young officer as to the next train, and his sending her to the hotel with an aide as escort; her later discovery that it was the King himself whom she had addressed; the receiving of a visit from the Prime Minister of Arcanidia who comes to get from Countess d'Espinac a message from the Grand Duke of Russia; her learning through him of the plot which threatens the King's life unless he abdicates his throne or marries the Princess Olga—these are only a few of the many events that happened to Virginia Fairfax, a beautiful young American heiress, in one short day. On an impulse, she does not disclose her true identity to the Prime Minister, but determines to warn the King of his danger. She has her interview with him in the Palace grounds, where Billy Knapp, an old friend, discovers her, and also at the same time sees a look in the King's eyes that makes him warn Virginia "Kings may not marry whom they please." Billy escorts her back to the hotel to the Potters, mutual friends, who are fortunately stopping there, but not until Virginia has promised the King to impersonate the Countess for a few days longer. The Prime Minister again calls to ask her to visit the Princess and find out whether it is the King or the Russian Grand Duke she is planning to marry, although it is court knowledge that she loves Von Tannen, one of the King's aides. Virginia goes, but impulsively tells the Princess who she really is, and why she has been using a name not hers. Returning to the hotel, she is met by the King, who protests she is putting herself in too much danger on his account. Just as he is about to leave, there is a sudden noise, Virginia throws herself in front of the King, a knife flashes, and she falls with a flesh wound in the shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII

VIRGINIA was kept in her room ten days. The wound was neither deep nor dangerous, but striking near a muscle it was stiff, painful, and slow to heal. An excuse was given out; the King's visit to the hotel and the attempted assassination were hushed up. The official organs stated that Miss Fairfax, one of a party of Americans, was suffering from a slight indisposition; it was added that, through an error about her passport, she had been mistaken for the Countess d'Espinac. But on Virginia's table every day stood a great cluster of Arcanidian lilies; no word came with it, but the lilies carried their own message. Yet she put them aside—once she even gave a bunch of them to Mrs. Potter. Judy carried them into her own rooms with a puzzled face. Her husband and Knapp were smoking and playing cards.

She set the lilies down and gazed at them. "I can't think what it means," she said, "but Jinny gave away the royal bouquet, and she's—she's absolutely cross!"

Billy Knapp frowned heavily. "The King's cross, too; he thinks Virginia's engaged to me, and—I've let him think so."

"You ought to be ashamed!" Judy cried indignantly.

"I am."

Mr. Potter flipped a card lightly with his finger. "What good will it do anyway?"

"Some—he's a gentleman."

"That's more than can be said of some kings."

But Judy, fingering the lilies, sighed. "It's so romantic; I almost thought Jinny liked him."

"She's risked her life for him," said Knapp, bluntly.

"He knows that?" Judy questioned quickly.

"Of course he does."

"Then he must—he simply must—feel it deeply; don't you think he does, Billy?"

"How do you think a man would feel, Judy, if a lovely woman took a dagger thrust for him?" demanded her husband dryly.

"I think he'd fall in love with her!"

Billy Knapp grunted. "He didn't have to, he was there already."

Mrs. Potter clasped her hands, looking at the royal lilies. "Well, I don't care—I don't care how he feels, it's so fascinating, the whole thing! It seems impossible that in America now the bells are ringing for twelve o'clock and the children running home from school!"

"Yes," said Mr. Potter, "they are, and it's Monday and the wash is all out in the back-yards. I hope it's a good drying day."

His wife looked at him in deep exasperation. "Putney, I wish you had a soul for poetry!"

"My dear girl, if I had, we'd be eating dried beans and pork in Indiana now."

"I wish Virginia was there this minute!" said Billy Knapp gloomily.

Judy regarded him coldly. "Billy, I believe you're in love with her yourself."

He shook his head. "Not more than any man would be who knew her. I loved another woman first and went on the rocks, you see, but I'd give my right hand rather than have Jinny suffer here for our folly; it was our folly to let her play a part."

Mr. Potter laid his pipe down on the table. "I'm going to take her home next week," he said.

But it was next week that the great ball at the Palace came—it had been twice postponed—and Mrs. Potter had no mind to miss it. Nor did she; Virginia herself was scarcely well enough to take the journey to Paris before that, and, on the morning of that day, the King was to review the troops and ride in procession through the streets. The great parade would pass around the square to the cathedral, and two sides of the hotel blazed with the blue and gold of Arcanidia and the royal arms. The Potters had gone with Knapp; and the King's aide, Von Hillern, found a place for them to see the great review. But Virginia did not go. She stayed alone in her rooms at the hotel, having sent Ellis out to see the show. She was going to the ball at the Palace but she had no heart for the parade; she had, instead, a kind of nervous dread of it—she seemed always now to see the knife lifted and aimed at Rupert. Besides, she had been communing with her own heart and found rebellion there. That moment when the King had held her in his arms, looking down into her dazzled eyes, had been a revealing one. She recalled it now with bated breath, she felt again the stinging pain in her shoulder and the faintness, then the strong arms seemed to clasp her and the King's face bent over hers, his breath touched her cheek, his eyes held hers. The thought made Virginia hide her face in her hands, for she recalled Olga's words: "I suppose I shall marry him, the Chancellor is begging me to." Moreover, she knew what was said, that the engagement would be announced at the ball—announced, then, to-night!

She spread out the gown she was to wear, as it lay on her bed, and looked at it thoughtfully. Womanlike she wanted to be at her best, her proudest. It was fine enough, she thought, if she could only look the part. The gown was pure white, threaded with gold and frosted with rare old lace, her mother's and her grandmother's before her. She would wear pearls around her neck and in her hair. Then she looked over her shoulder; there were the blue lilies of Arcanidia. What right had he to send them? The King, and another woman's affianced husband! She had been mad, mad and foolish to play a part for him,

and yet—she felt the dull ache of the wound in her shoulder—she had saved a king's life.

She stood still in the empty rooms, looking down at the lilies; then, far off, she heard martial music. They were coming! She went to the window and stood in the shadow of the curtain, looking out. The music drew nearer and nearer, bugles sounded. Before her lay the great square, black with people, with only a wide space left for the procession. The police rode to and fro, driving back the crowds with the flat of their short sabers. Every house and café and shop was ablaze with gold and blue and the Star of Ehrenberg, and in the center of the park, where the King must pass, were two great rocks, cunningly made of moss and papier-mâché, with an arch of flowers and the legend: "The Gate of Arcan is the King's!"

AS Virginia looked, she saw, far off, at the very end of the long street opposite, the gleam of scarlet and gold and blue; and the people began to cheer. Unconsciously, she left the shadow of the curtain and went out to look, for it was a very beautiful and gorgeous spectacle.

First, came the heralds, in gold and blue, preceding the cuirassiers and the Household troops, and after these a guard of horse surrounded the Royal Standard, and then—the King. On either side rode the greatest dignitaries of the kingdom, and behind him came his aides, Von Tannen and Oscar von Hillern, tall young Germans, in the uniform of officers of the Guards, gorgeous with gold and blue. The crowd cheered; if there were any here who did not like this new ruler they were silent. There was a tumult and a shouting; the parade came on, crossed the square, and passed to the cathedral. The bells were ringing, and on all sides there was a cry:

"The King!"

He rode on his great gray horse, a splendid figure of a man. He wore high cavalry boots with golden spurs of knighthood, full scarlet trousers to the knee, and a white tunic, long and belted and braided with gold and silver; on his head was the high peaked Astrakhan cap with the aigrette of gold and blue, and across his breast the broad pale blue ribbon and the jeweled star of his House.

Forgetful of herself, Virginia leaned her hands on the balustrade and looked down; they passed beneath, and the King looked up and met her eyes. She drew back, blushing, for he had bared his head, and the bystanders began to cheer.

They went by. Virginia, standing back, was only aware of a blaze of color, the fanfare of trumpets, and the tramp of men and horses; the Arcan Rangers and the cuirassiers. Far off now, she saw the Royal Standard going on, and

slipped back into her room. She was flushed and tremulous; how splendidly he looked, how like a king! Yet the Princess Olga wept at the thought of marrying him. These poor kings! It was hard certainly, yet it was usually the way. He must marry for the good of Arcanidia, for the strengthening of his House. Of course, she had always known this, she had never allowed herself to forget it; she said so to herself, as she looked again at the beautiful gown she was to wear to-night. She had not forgotten it any more than he had, and he had remembered it that night when she lay, wounded, in his arms. How strange his face had been! It did not seem possible that he had meant to marry Olga all the time, yet he must have had that purpose. It was like a dream, this whole stay in Terek, but to-night—to-night she would see him as Rupert First, and they said he would announce his engagement to his cousin. It would all seem simple and true after that; she was glad she was going, glad that she would realize it all at last, and know that the whole thing, the railway carriage, the King at the station,

the Prime Minister, and that morning—that stood out like a picture in her memory—that morning in the Palace grounds, when she and the King had talked together, were unreal, a mere play in which she had borne an unimportant part, while home, her people, her every-day life, were the only actualities for her.

Yet, it all seemed a part of the drama still, when she and the Potters and Knapp went up the white marble stairs of the Palace, she with her hand on Comerford's arm. The King received them; he still wore his beautiful uniform and the star of his order. Behind him were grouped the dignitaries of the kingdom again, and the Princess



MARY LANE MILLAN

"VIRGINIA," HE REPLIED, "NEITHER THE CROWN, NOR THE KINGDOM, NOR THE WORLD CAN BE MEASURED BESIDE MY LOVE FOR YOU!"

Olga and her ladies-in-waiting, the Ambassadors, and the officers of the Arcanidian Army. Count Mirovitch was there, too strong still for the King to dismiss him absolutely, and with him the Prince of Terek, who was believed to be deep in the Russian intrigue, and had much influence in the army.

It was a brilliant scene; the palace—one of the most beautiful and famed in Europe—was thrown open, and long marble corridors led into the unused wings, while the grand salon was crowded. The King opened the ball with the Princess. She looked a mere girl in white and blue, with a coronet and necklace of diamonds and sapphires. Virginia danced with Comerford and the Prince of Terek. In the interlude the *Chargé d'Affaires* pointed out Von Tannen, a tall young man with a gloomy face, who stood in a corner.

"The King's aide," he said; "some say he'll kill himself when the wedding is announced."

"Poor fellow!" Virginia looked dreamily across the room and thought of Olga. "Have they forgotten Sergius?"

"Do you think he has a chance with the Princess?"

Virginia nodded. "She doesn't know yet what she feels. There's Count Mirovitch coming to speak to me!"

"Shall I stay?"

She smiled. "I'm not afraid—here!"

As she spoke, Mirovitch came up. "I hope you're well again, Miss Fairfax?" He laid a stress on the name.

"It was your mistake, Count," replied Virginia with spirit, "you hardly gave me time to explain that I wasn't Countess d'Espinac."

The old man laughed maliciously. "My dear young lady, did you think I didn't know? I was testing you. I knew, you see, that you'd chosen to be a go-between; I gave you, therefore, something to carry. Eh, *bien*? Isn't that so?"

He was playing a bluff, and she gave him a quick, scornful look. "My shoulder bears witness to the sting of your jest, sir!"

He changed color slightly, for he was a violent-tempered man, but he continued to smile. "*Mademoiselle*, I was so grieved that I offered to send my own physician."

Virginia curtsied. "A thousand thanks, Count, but I'm well, you see, without him."

Mirovitch drew a step nearer, watching her with his opaque black eyes that looked like a snake's. "You've heard of the approaching marriage, Miss Fairfax; what did you think of the Princess?"

BEFORE she could answer, the King came up. He had just escorted Olga to her place and leaving the throng around her, crossed the room. Mirovitch bowed low, backing away as Rupert took Virginia's hand. He had not asked her to dance, and she gave him a swift, sidelong glance and found his face pale and set. Without a word he led her slowly down the long room, the people parting for them, and coming to a great arched door at the end they found Von Hillern there. The King spoke to him, and the aide, bowing low, lifted the portière for them to pass.

They were in a long corridor, narrow and arched, with marble pillars, and at the end was the great gallery of the palace, famed throughout the world. The King went on, Virginia's cold finger-tips resting on his open hand, and they entered the gallery together. It was empty—the people were all on the other side—only long rows of pictured kings and queens looked down upon them. The lights were low here compared with the brilliance of the salon, and through the open windows came the voices of the city.

Rupert stopped, and lifting Virginia's hand to his lips kissed it gravely. "All this time I haven't thanked you for saving my life!"

She felt deeply embarrassed, her hand trembled. "You shouldn't go unguarded! You're too careless, I think you know it now!"

He smiled. "A king must take some risks. But your shoulder, it's well again?"

She tried to speak carelessly. "It was very little, only the way the blow fell. I'm—" she laughed tremulously—"I'm glad I was there to break it."

He stood looking at her; in the pale light his face had sad, stern lines. "Tell me," he said, after a pause that she tried hard to break and could not, "are you to marry Knapp?"

"Oh, no! Why, he's in love with my cousin; we've known each other always, nothing more than an old friendship. He would have said so—had you asked him, sire."

"I did—he left me to think he was engaged to you."

Virginia looked up blankly, then her face turned rosy. "I—I can't understand!" she faltered; then, after a moment: "I'm going home next week; I want to thank your Majesty for all your kindness."

"Have I been kind? I think not lately, for I thought you were to marry Knapp and—" he paused a moment, looking at her still, and then softly: "Virginia, I love you."

SHE turned, her beautiful, proud face white. "Your Majesty, I'm an American girl, and not even a king can offer me his love when he can't offer me his crown."

He drew back, his own face whitening to the lips. "My God! Virginia, did you think me like that? It's true that I can't offer you the crown, for that belongs to Arcanidia, and the people will make the Princess Olga their queen. But I can give up my crown for love of you—if—Virginia, can you love the man and not the king?"

The girl caught her breath, looking at him with love-dazzled eyes. "Do you mean—you can't mean—to give up your crown, your kingdom, all this, for me?"

He smiled. "Virginia," he replied, and his voice was deep and tender, with the thrill of a passion in it that stirred her senses, "neither the crown, nor the kingdom, nor the world, can be measured beside my love for you!"

She trembled, for the strength of his passion and the simple truth and sweetness in his face, made her forget, forget that he was king and that she must not uncrown him for the sake of his love for her. She was a woman and, for a moment, she only thought of that—his love for her! She trembled and her eyes—at once so lovely and so steadfast—shone upon him. The King, meeting that look, caught her in his arms and kissed her, and she, still forgetting that he was the king, clung to him.

The tenderness of the summer night, stealing in the Palace windows, unfolded them. There was the sweetness of flowers in the air and a soft breeze stirred in the trees outside. Years afterward Virginia remembered the sweetness of those flowers, as she remembered always the first touch of Rupert's lips on hers. Her lover!—no matter if he were a king, he was hers!

"Virginia," he said softly, after a little, "when was it—how long?"

She smiled, her eyes tender. "I don't know. How should I, Rupert? But once—one day when the sun rose, my love for you rose in my heart. It was like that, the day and the sunshine and the flowers, Rupert! And you?"

"Always—from the first moment, when I saw you on the platform of the station."

"You thought me the Countess then!"

"Yes; and—even so—I loved you. How could I help it, Virginia? I called myself a fool and denied it to myself; all the same I loved you. Then I thought you were bound to Knapp and went mad. I was near to killing him—poor, old Billy Knapp! And now—Virginia—he held her away a little, looking in her eyes—"will you love me still—when I'm only a poor gentleman?"

"It was always you," said she, "my king—whether you're crowned or not! But, Rupert"—she put her two hands on his shoulders, looking up at him—"Rupert, you mean—that for me—you must give up the crown?"

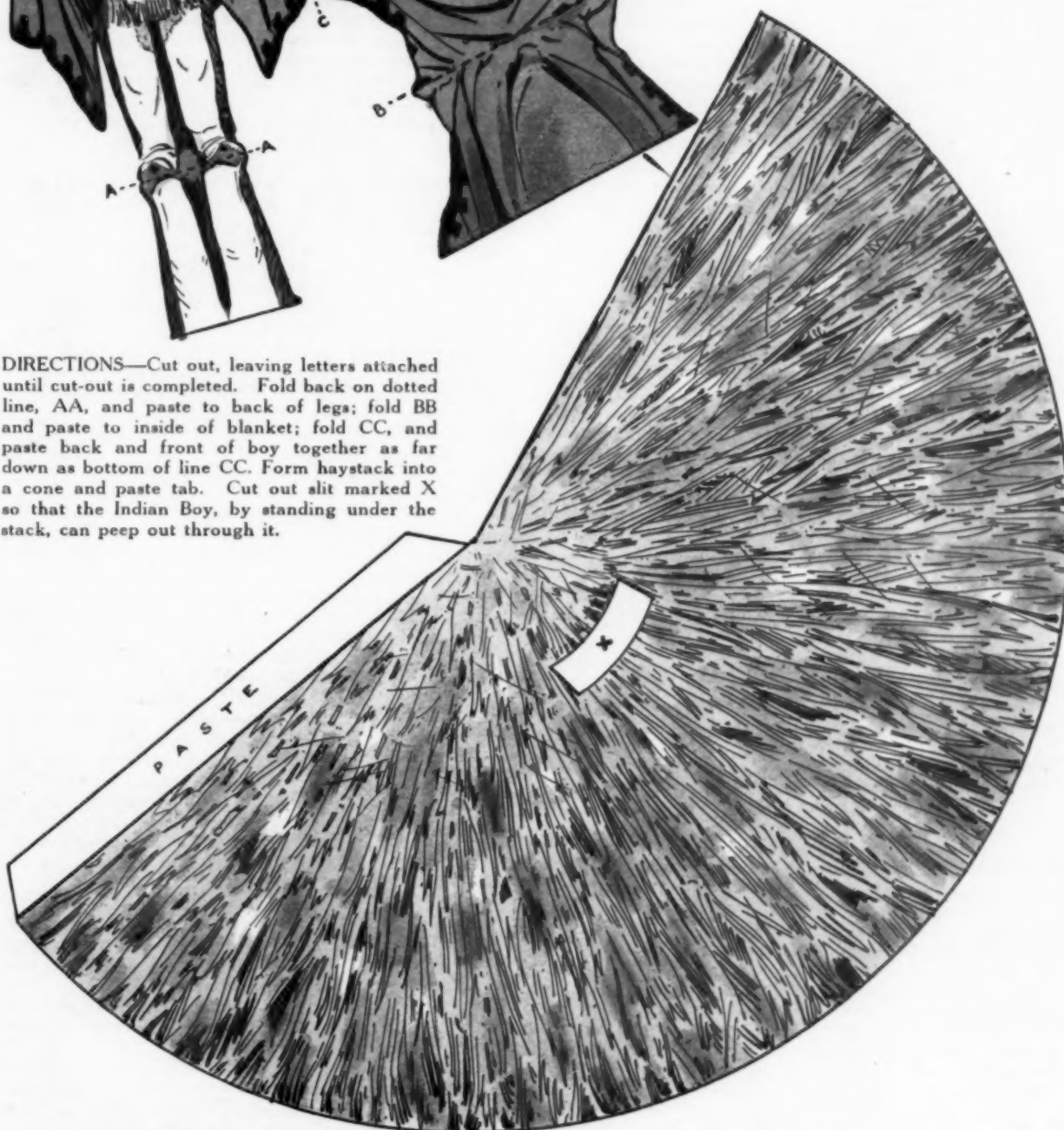
He smiled tenderly. "I think so! Yes, I know so, my darling. The people want the Princess Olga. They'll none of me with—with—"

[Concluded on page 31]



The Completed Cut-Out

DIRECTIONS—Cut out, leaving letters attached until cut-out is completed. Fold back on dotted line, AA, and paste to back of legs; fold BB and paste to inside of blanket; fold CC, and paste back and front of boy together as far down as bottom of line CC. Form haystack into a cone and paste tab. Cut out slit marked X so that the Indian Boy, by standing under the stack, can peep out through it.



RUNNING BULL, THE INDIAN BOY

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by JEREMIAH CROWLEY

HAVING NERVES

By A WOMAN WHO OVERCAME THEM

Illustrated by J. COLL

I AM an every-day woman who lives in an every-day home in an every-day town. There has been nothing romantic in my life. Once upon a time Harvey and I just went to the little stone church and were married—all the world was vivid green outside, and there was a wonderful canopy of dogwood boughs inside, as pure and fresh as the spring which had borne them, and as our love—and, of course, that's not what's called a story. In fact, there's no excuse whatever for my talking about myself except this:

I have had Nerves. And I have overcome them. In fact, there's no excuse whatever for my talking about my being going through the same torture, that I wish I could talk it over with them.

Those who know the agony of sleeplessness, exaggerated worry over trifles, abysmal depressions over half-imaginary troubles, crying fits, and inexplicable fears of nothing at all, realize that no physical suffering can compare with these. They'd rather have every tooth in their heads pulled at one sitting, or break all their limbs at one fall, or be racked and thumb-screwed in the Inquisition. There is no pain on earth like the ache of a sick mind.

It developed one summer when we were doing without a servant, for the usual reason—we couldn't get one. The servant problem is bad enough anywhere, but it's hopeless when one lives fifty miles from a military reservation. We had raised wages steadily, but we could no longer compete with brass buttons and weekly hops; so the officers' wives had applicants standing in line, while we, in the near-by towns, must set our own yeast.

It worried Harvey, for he knew that my hands were already full with the care of four children and the supervision of the house; how I was to bake, sweep, and dish-wash, besides, was a problem. Nevertheless, I set about it. No adjective, I realize now, describes me then but "grim". Oppressed by the thought of the tremendous effort I must make, I went at it as an engine starts up a terrific grade. I screwed my courage until I was tight all over, mind and body—every muscle tense, lips set, two nervous vertical lines above my nose, my motions angular. I did a day's worrying over an hour's work.



It is true that I did systematize my work. I made my head save my heels in such matters as bringing all the milk and butter I should need from the cellar at one trip, instead of indulging in afterthoughts. So far, so good. But, having systematized, I couldn't let matters rest there. I kept going over and over it all in my head. In short, I doubled my labor by not only doing it, but thinking about it constantly. For instance, when I woke at five, for a minute I would stretch and yawn with a sense of delicious laziness, relaxed as I was from sleep; then, of a sudden, like a cat from a corner, that tension would spring at me, grip me by the throat, and every mental and physical muscle would tighten into hard knots. "Hurry!" it would say, "no time to call your soul your own!" "Oranges, cooked wheat, bacon, eggs, hot biscuits, coffee," the breakfast would rehearse itself. "Then, after breakfast, Harvey and the children gone, begin at nine sharp, cut and start four rompers, bake coconut-caramel cake for church supper, mend doll leaking sawdust, go to post-office and send money-order for set of granite-ware saucepans, go to see Harvey Junior's teacher about bad deportment report, call doctor and ask about change of diet for baby on account of slight rash, drive out to Miss Knox's and get owl pattern for crocheted lace for the guest-towel I promised Cousin Alice."

THERE were the day's "extras" which I had fallen asleep repeating. All day long, I said them over and over, tensely, making sure that I should not forget; rompers, caramel cake, doll, saucepans, teacher, doctor, owl pattern. When lunch came, the quiet meal that I had alone, the hour when I might have relaxed a bit and regained possession of my soul, I gulped a mere snack, standing at the kitchen table, that not a moment might be lost, all the time saying over, "Two east bedrooms swept, china-closet overhauled, living-room curtains washed," with a mental checking-off; then, unchecked, and still to be accomplished before the end of the week: "All other rooms to be swept, chandelier globes to be washed, broken china to be cemented."

One evening, as supper was closing, Harvey came around to my end of the table with that dear, boyish twinkle of his, and flung an arm about my shoulders. "I've got a surprise!" he exclaimed, like a youngster playing Santa Claus. "The Lamberts have loaned us their automobile and chauffeur for the evening and we're to have a ride!"

Although this happened a long time ago, it was absurd even then that neither he nor I had ever ridden in a machine. We had longed for the experience, and now he was radiant with delight. Dear old Harvey—oh, it's easy enough to see now what I should have done—but what do you suppose I did?

"It's impossible," I said fretfully. "The dishes aren't washed, and there are more than usual to-night." I was so bitterly disappointed, however, at losing the ride, that I had to struggle with the tears in my voice.

"Nonsense!" he declared. "As if Lillian couldn't help you out for once!"



But the delight had gone out of his face, the happy, spontaneous boyishness had died at my wet-blanketing tone.

Lillian is the dearest daughter on earth, and she patted her worried mother tenderly. "I'll do all the dishes!" she said. "You go on a spree with Father, dear!"

But I was determined. "Nothing shall interfere with your studies at examination time," I said. "Whatever I'm guilty of, it sha'n't be neglect of my home or family."

From where I bent, in the steam of the dish-pan, I heard the machine whirl up; then Harvey's words: "Sorry, but we've got to give up the ride to-night."

I ran out and called: "You go, Harvey—don't stay at home for me."

But he shook his head. As he came back to the house, I noticed how tired and worn he looked—sort of sagging all over. Harvey was working harder and harder as the family grew yearly more expensive.

While I washed and dried the dishes, I could think of nothing but my disappointment. A surging self-pity swept over me, engulfing me like a dreadful black sea.

"Poor, poor thing!" I said to myself. "I'm a prisoner, bound to sordid duties; overworked, chained to a dish-pan, never allowed a moment's recreation—"

All at once it broke in a flood of tears that mingled with the steaming suds. With a burst of hysterical weeping, I gave way, and ran up-stairs to fling myself across my bed. Harvey came to me, but I drove him off (I can see now his frightened, helpless face), and for hours I lay, torn at intervals by great racking sobs that left me exhausted.

It was the opening of the gate. I had arrived at last at the land of Nerves, led there by over-work to some extent, but far more by straining, worrying tension over that work; by a doleful dwelling on what I thought duty; in short, by an all-wrong mental attitude, thinking ever of myself and my troubles. From that day on I faced the ogre who rules in that land, namely, Neurasthenia.

MY crying fits came on at the slightest provocation—they were almost daily. Words that would formerly have been taken as the mere joke they were intended to be, now sent me to my room in tears. Sewing quietly, the thought of my burdened life would suddenly seize me, my eyelids would smart, then the deluge. "Oh, how can I bear it another day?" I would sob over the little dresses I was making.

I had once sung over my stitches. And, sometimes, Harvey had leaned over and checked the song with a kiss. Now he came home from his exhausting work to find me silent. I did notice how he was growing more tired-looking and dispirited, and thinner, but I did not rouse to the fact.

He was worried all the time about my depression and nervousness, and completely distracted when my hysterical crying fits came on. He tried in vain for a servant. He tried to coax me on a walk or to a concert, but invariably I replied: "I won't neglect my home duties, and I'm too tired, anyway," and his evenings were spent alone, while I toiled over the dishes.

Then, as the intense heat of a Middle West summer came on, I passed into a phase of Nerves that was even worse than gloom—It was haunted by grotesque fears. A thousand trifles took on an alarming aspect. I shook whenever I handled scis-

sors or knives, sure that I would cut myself. I jumped up in the night, fearing that I had not turned off the gas or locked a certain door.

A fear of all lonely places seized me—the empty church, where I had once stepped in, when passing, for five minutes' quiet communion, the silent paths that led from town to the fields, my own cellar! As a child, even, I had never been afraid of the dark, but now the horror of my own innocent cellar was as great as if the butter jars contained members of the Forty Thieves gang, as if murderers lay in wait in the coal bins.

Quivering, sobbing hysterics of indecision seized me at some trifling question. When trying on hats one day, I actually broke down and cried because I could not decide whether to have roses or a moiré bow; and never was a woman more innately indifferent to dress than I. It was just the nervous agony of making any decision.

Formless dreads confronted me—vague feelings that some disaster hung in the air. If Harvey or the children were five minutes late, I grew faint with terror. When they arrived, I would fling my arms around them, sobbing as if they had been rescued from shipwreck or fire—while they gasped to know what on earth the fuss was all about.

It was on a warm, deep-summer evening, that my husband followed me to the kitchen. "Janet," he said in a low, charged voice, "it's the twentieth, dear!"

This was our dearest anniversary, that of our betrothal. For the sixteen years of our married life we had always taken that same walk in the twilight, down the street to where the fragrant wood commenced, through the shadowy path to the old mossy stone where we had sat when he told me—oh, we never were sentimental folk, but we did indulge in this foolish little secret rite. I don't believe any one is the worse for keeping alive at least a spark of sentiment, do you?

I WAS oppressed by all the jelly glasses that had to be labeled, but I joined him, nevertheless, in a burdened sort of way, and we started out. Our quiet stroll was peaceful enough till we reached the edge of the wood. We entered; a hush and darkness all at once enfolded us. Suddenly, I gave a nervous, shrill scream.

Harvey looked at me, aghast.

"I can't!" I cried. "I can't go in there! You don't know how nervous all lonely places make me! That black wood. Ugh!" I shuddered and turned away.

"But, Janet, it's our wood, our twilight, our old happy spot! There's nothing to fear!" he protested. "We've never missed the walk in all these years!"

"And I've never been driven by work till I was a nervous wreck in all these years, until now!" I cried.

Shuddering and sobbing, I fairly ran from the dark beauty of the wood.

Harvey followed me home in silence, and the next morning I was startled at the worn, disheartened look he wore. But soon I was dwelling on my own worries.

It was in September that something happened. That thing was a telegram from a distant city, to which Harvey had gone on a business trip, summoning me to a hospital where he lay alarmingly ill.

[Concluded on page 67]



THE NEW NOTE IN EVENING HATS

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—LESSON XXIV

By EVELYN TOBEY

YOUR dress or best hat may be as fussy as you like this winter. You can use lace, net, ostrich, paradise, fur, flowers, metal braids and ornaments, jet, ribbons, plush, velvets, brocades, satins or silks, and several of these combined on one hat.

The dress hat is the large picture kind, too—that is, it is as large as you can wear it. If your shoulders are very broad and full and you are not tall, you will have still to wear the picture hat, but you can vary its width from two and a half to five inches and still be fashionable. It is tilted, too, which helps make the square woman look longer. The trimming may be flat or tall. For several years we have not been given such wide latitude in the choice of materials and the character of trimming.

The wide black velvet sailor with the stiff side crown and soft oval tip shown in figure three in the November lesson, makes an exceedingly dressy hat when trimmed with an upstanding ostrich plume (Fig. 1). The edge is bent here and there to give a softer line. The directions for making this hat are exactly those of figure three, November lesson, but do not bend the edge until the hat is on your head so that you can be sure the rise and fall of the brim is becoming. An ostrich plume laid around the crown is also a smart trimming for this sailor (Fig. 4). In both cases the ostrich must have long, fluffy flues and not too many layers of them, so that it will look scraggly and fringe-like. Instead of placing the ostrich band around the crown it can be laid low enough on the side-crown so that the flues reach to the edge of the brim, or even so low that none of it rests on the crown. Many of the hats trimmed in this way have small bunches of buds and other little flowers sewed here and there among the flues so that when the flues fly in the wind these flowers can be seen.

At present the transparent lace brims are the rage, and to most faces they are softening and becoming. An especially effective hat can be made up with the brim of transparent gold lace, and the crown of velvet (Fig. 2). The frame of the brim is made of gold wire. It has a twenty-five-inch headsize, with eight spokes, each three

inches long. The edge is forty-four inches around. Further up the brim is brace wire, thirty-five inches around. The lace is six and one-half inches wide. The edge of it is sewed to the edge wire smooth, so that there is no fullness on this wire. The points on the edge of the lace extend over the edge wire and give it a soft effect. The lace is then drawn smooth to the thirty-five-inch brace wire, which is fastened to the spokes on top of the frame, and shirred over it, making a cord effect which helps to trim the brim. After this is finished, the lace is drawn to the headsize, gathered, and fastened there. There remains about three inches of the second edge of the lace, which should be used to form a frill around the base of the crown.

The crown sets inside of the headsize of the brim. It is three and one-half inches high and twenty-four and a half inches around. The side crown is made of a straight strip of cape net, which is wired both at the top and the bottom. This strip of net

is covered smooth with a bias piece of the velvet. The tip is an eight-inch circle of the velvet shirred around the edge and fastened around the top of the side crown, about three-fourths of an inch below the edge. A very narrow strip of skunk is placed on top of the shirring of lace at the headsize to hold the frill of lace well against the side crown. One medium-sized velvet rose with a few leaves is laid flat on the brim exactly on the right side. If the lace you have is only three and one-half inches wide you could cover the brim, and then around the side crown arrange an extra frill of lace. Any kind of lace can be used, and the result will invariably be a handsome dress hat.

Many of the hats, now, are made with the new double brim (Fig. 3). If brown is your color, a seed-brown plush sailor with an extra brim of maline, of the same color, will look very well on you. Put a narrow strip of beaver fur around the crown at the bottom, and between the maline and plush brims, two small bouquets of odd flowers, one at the left side of the front, and the other at the right side of the back, very near the edge.

[Concluded on page 82]



FIG. 1 (ABOVE)
THE SAILOR
WITH SOFTLY
ROLLING EDGE;
FIG. 2 (AT
RIGHT)—
TRANSPARENT
LACE BRIMS
ARE QUITE
THE MODE



FIG. 3 (AT THE
LEFT)—THE
POPULAR DOU-
BLE BRIM; FIG.
4 (BELOW)—
THE NEW OS-
TRICH FEATHER
HAS FEW FLUES





FRENCH DAY-DREAMS IN ENGLAND

Even the Boudoir Marshals Diverse Nationalities

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

CHÉRIE:—
How do you imagine I amuse myself here in London trying to forget the increasing horrors of the devastating war? To avoid recalling the sorrows of those I love, I play I am in Paris, and I live again the days we lived together.

How it used to amuse you to watch me being coiffed. Now, I wonder if you would still be interested in my locks that reflect the colors of certain brown tulips, rippling like the shadowed spring and exhaling the odor of the heather and the rose. If so, perhaps, in a few weeks, you may come and breakfast with me to assist at my hair-dressing, provided you promise to be serious; otherwise, you may disturb my supreme immobility. I can hear your silver laughter at the mere idea of my sitting rigid as an idol.

I am just in the mood to describe to you some of my numberless and beautiful peignoirs.

I have a peignoir which disguises me perfectly as a Greek. It is made of a fabric light as air and rough of surface, rather lustrous, and appearing like the flesh of a peach. In the places where it touches the skin, falling in pleats, it becomes a deeper rose, and in between the open folds it shows a secret nuance, a delicious shade, which, I know, will please you.

If this does not please you I have another peignoir in which I resemble a Turk. It is of a pale pistache color—possibly you would think it faded if it were not relieved by a soutache binding of soft solferino red. I wear with this musselman's jacket, superb bouffant pleated breeches,

at the bottom of which my two feet have the air of carp just escaped from a net. If this does not please you I will wear a burnous, in which I resemble an Arab hostess. If the Arab does not please you I can wear an Indian zarafe, a long rectangular piece of stuff with a hole in the middle. Through this hole I put my head and the two ends fall on either side of my dear person. I have a sulfur zarafe, a rose zarafe interwoven with silver, and a zarafe covered with a thousand small multi-colored stripes.

Possibly, for your benefit, I will appear as a Chinese—a fantastic Chinese, decorated with immense red disks, and musically edged with metal bells, very small but sweet, which will amuse the cat and astonish the hair-dresser. Green, as an English tennis court, is the lining of this peignoir, and its reflections are so violent that my skin, underneath, has the appearance of being lighted by a brilliant emerald Bengal fire.

Enough of this, or I will bore you. When I do return to Paris, I shall not play at being a Hindoo, a Turk, a Persian, or a Chinese! Not at all! Rest assured, I shall be so glad to touch French soil that I shall wear the fichu of a French village woman, infinitely simple, made of linen delicately embroidered with Easter daisies, forget-me-nots, and bindweed, humble, western flowers, and under it I shall be your tender and sincere friend, who always loves you.

London, England.



CLEVER CREATIONS OF CORRECT EVENING CUT
 Short of Skirt, Dance Frocks Display the Splendor of Satin, Lace and Velvet

For other views and descriptions see page 33

GOWNS FOR EVENING HOURS

By THE FASHION EDITOR



LIGHT and airy, full of winsome grace, are the season's gowns for evening wear. The joy of living emanates from every fold and gather of the chiffon, silk, lace or net which serves the whim of the dressmaker, and becomes at her magic touch no longer mere cloth, but a creation, a masterpiece, which her fingers have wrought!

Merely a length of rosy pink panne velvet and a bit of heavy lace, and yet, in the mind of the creator of clothes, it fades into a vision of dainty loveliness. A snip of the scissors, a figure upon which to drape the cloth, a needle and thread, and lo! the vision has materialized into a gown. And what a gown! A foundation is first made of thin silk or perhaps chiffon, with a lower section of lace. A straight strip of the velvet makes the skirt and is shirred several times at the waist. Around the lower edge of this is a ruffle fulled on a heavy cord and edged, not with a hem, but with a machine-made picot. The sleeveless bodice has an upper portion of lace over a chiffon lining. A wide bias strip of the velvet is brought around the waist at a line rather low in the front, but deeper in the back, where a buckle of rhinestones gathers the fulness of one end, which is brought over the other end to fasten. Strange as it may seem, this velvet also is unhemmed, but edged with a picot instead. To the right of the V at the neck is a single rose, shading from pink to almost red.

Gloriously brocaded black velvet with a great deal of gold in the large Futurist design of the brocade forms the basic material of another exquisite gown.

From a yoke which is narrow on one hip and wide on the other, falls a long full skirt of the velvet. A length of handsome lace is draped from the waistline over the shoulder on one side, while on the other, and overlapping the lace, is a length of the velvet, leaving a shallow V neck in the front and a deep one in the back. Sleeves there are none.

Taffeta and velvet, or taffeta and satin, are the combinations which take skill to accomplish successfully. A pink taffeta skirt has triple flounces, each flounce edged with binding of bias taffeta, unpressed, that it may almost have the appearance of being corded. The lower skirt section and bodice are of soft blue velvet, the latter draped over an underbodice of net, and ending at a point at the square neck-line of the net waist. A band of sapphire sequins reaches over the shoulder, keeping the bodice from slipping.



Rich, indeed, is a gown of tan lace heavily beaded with long narrow gilt beads. The dress foundation is made of white charmeuse with gold metal net above it. Upon this is placed a lower skirt of the heavily beaded lace, while from the waist hangs a flounce of fine

Ecru Chantilly. The bodice is of heavily brocaded satin with rich deep colorings of geranium pink and red.

Over this hangs a loose chemise of the heavy beaded lace, through which glimmers the outline of the bodice beneath. Verily, verily, there is novelty in the new costume.

I have told you of silk and of velvet and of satin, but not of the wonderful cloths of gold and of silver. The words give a thought of medieval sumptuousness, but the reality is simple, equally suitable to the girl with her youthful freshness or the woman whose youth has given place to the charm of experience.

Last of the quaint little figures, which finds its place at the bottom of this page, is a dress of cloth of silver. The bodice is of black panne velvet over an under bodice of finest net. Chains of jet apparently hold the black velvet from slipping, though in reality it is safely caught upon the net. To this dress are short narrow sleeves.

With these gowns are worn slippers which match some color detail of the costume. Slippers of gold or silver cloth are used where it forms a part of the trimming of the gown. With black is worn slippers of black or brocaded tapestry. The latter are a novelty no longer hard to buy, as the shops, realizing the demand, have them custom-made, while a very short time ago they could only be secured on order.

The artificial flower, adding vivid or light-some touch to a gown, has supplanted the wearing of much jewelry. A flower is placed at the shoulder, at the base of the low neck, and even, at times, at the back of the neck. Or a simple cluster is used at the front closing of the bodice, and again where the skirt is looped up, with perhaps a festoon of narrow ribbons falling in graceful loops from the flowers. Again, it may be a single flower with only a touch of the green of the leaves.

A year ago, in Paris, the vogue for going without gloves for the evening gown was the mode. The result is that this season we, in America, are leaving the arms and hands bare—a mode practical and economical.

Thus, in simple ways, but with thoughtful care, are the gowns of the day made, trimmed, and worn.





STYLES THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN WEARS
Dainty Indoor Frocks and Street Suits that Flare, Prove the Mode One of Beauty

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

THE MODE OF MANY TONED MATERIALS

Velvet and Lace, Satin and Net, Give Ultra Style, When
Smartly Cut from McCall Patterns

KNOWING the value of blending fabrics, fashion's couturiers have introduced day dresses and dance frocks, displaying two or more fabrics. Jumper effects and basques, among the foremost designs, are made of satin, velvet or broadcloth, with sleeves sheer transparencies of net or lace; while the bodices of evening frocks show draperies of delicate Chantilly, metal or silk-run lace. Skirts, not to be outdone by waists, appear full and flaring, with yokes of embroidery or voluminous net tunics.

No. 6312, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one and a half yards forty-inch satin and three and one-eighth yards eleven-inch lace or two and five-eighth yards thirty-inch velvet, for waist and long sleeves of one fabric.

No. 6307, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Medium size, first costume, four and a half yards; second, four and three-quarter yards forty-inch material with one yard sixteen-inch lace. Skirt's width, two and a half yards. On page 30, the yoke is embroidered with silver thread after Transfer Design No. 60; price, 10 cts.



6309-6307

No. 6309, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, guimpe and drapery, one yard each, thirty-six-inch material; flouncing, one yard seventeen inches wide.

No. 6157, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE (15 cents).—For evening wear, a cape is shown in broadcloth, satin-lined. The pattern comes in two sizes, Ladies' and Misses'. Ladies' size requires three and three-eighth yards fifty-four-inch material.

No. 6165, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—In six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Medium size costume; waist, one and a half; skirt, two and one-eighth yards forty-inch material, and two and five-eighth yards seventy-two-inch net. Skirt's width, one and five-eighth yards.



6157

No. 6195, LADIES' AND MISSES' BASQUE JUMPERS (15 cents).—Made in velvet, the sash jumper comes to grace mid-season's fashions. The pattern cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size, three yards twenty-four-inch material.

No. 5987, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—With flaring tunic above the close skirt, a new design is pictured in gabardine voile. The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires three yards of forty-four-inch goods.

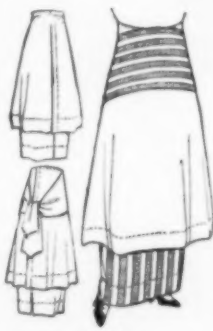
[For other views and descriptions of Design No. 6318, see page 47]



6312-6165



6195



5987



6318-6195-5987

FURS AND RICH FABRICS FOR SMART FROCKS

Velveteen and Velour Are Most Effective with Fur, Made in the Graceful Designs McCall Patterns Show

FINDING inspiration in styles of a hundred years ago, fashion produces garments undeniably chic. Skirts, short and full, ripple and flare, while tunics longer than ever before give the same godet appearance. Peplums on coats are also voluminous, but shoulders are narrow and sleeves snug, with the tendency in waists most pronounced toward the jumper and basque. Influenced by these lines, fabrics take on pliant qualities. For dressy frocks, crêpes show floral figures and still hold first place, despite the fact that there is a charming Japanese taffeta and washable satin lately launched on the market. In street suits and dresses, velveteen, broadcloth, and velour trimmed with fur, add a richness the mid-season demands.



5877
Transfer Design No. 270

No. 5877, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Crêpe adds charm in the development of this design. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires six and a quarter yards of thirty-six-inch goods. Skirt's width, one and a half yards. Transfer Design No. 270, 10 cts.

No. 6133, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—Combining black satin with striped velvet, the latest basque appears. The pattern is obtainable in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one yard plain and one and three-quarter yards striped thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6052, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern comes in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist, medium size of costume illustrated, requires two and a quarter yards striped and three and five-eighth yards plain forty-inch material. Skirt's width, one and five-eighth yards.

No. 6305, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Illustrated in soft velveteen. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, requires four and seven-eighth yards thirty inches wide, made of one material, with vest as the small views show. Transfer No. 647 used for frogs, 10 cents.

No. 6218, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—For the model pictured in velvet, the pattern may be had in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Suit illustrated requires, medium size, six and three-eighth yards forty-inch material. Skirt's width, two and three-eighth yards.

No. 6273, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—In velour, plain and striped, the newest kimono waist is pictured on page 35. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Of one material, size thirty-six requires three and three-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6280, LADIES' THREE-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, four and three-eighth yards forty-four-inch striped and two and three-eighth yards forty-inch plain material. Skirt's width, two and a half yards.

No. 6283, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern, for this dress, comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires four yards of forty-five-inch fabric without collar. Width of the two-piece skirt, is three yards.

No. 6290, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST OR OVERDRESS (15 cents).—Short and jaunty, the new jumper is pictured in broadcloth. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, two and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Transfer Designs Nos. 445 and 481 used for the braiding, 10 cents each.

No. 6301, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Medium size costume, six and three-quarter yards twenty-seven-inch velveteen and one yard forty-four-inch prunella cloth. Skirt's width, three and a half yards.

No. 6057, LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—On page 32, a smart, pointed hat of velvet, completes the street costume. The pattern is obtainable in two sizes, Ladies' and Misses'. Ladies' size, requires one and a quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch goods.



6305



6301



6283



6273-6289



6218



6290
Transfer Design No. 445



6057

6133-6052



THE FLARE IN GOWNS OF FASHION
 Circular, Gathered, or Pleated Full Skirts Give the New Silhouette
 For other views and descriptions, see page 34



THREE CLEVER TREATMENTS OF THE BODICE
 A Bit of Fur, Buttons or Braiding, Well Placed, Accents the New Winter Styles
 For other views and descriptions see page 38



6318-6285

6318-6285-6239

6303-6291
Transfer Design No. 543

SHORT SKIRTS AND JUMPER EFFECTS

Embroidery, Lace, or Fur Give the Correct Touch to the New Frock

For other views and descriptions see page 38

THE RUSSIAN INSPIRATION

The Placing of the Fulness and the Treatment of the Waistline Mark the Well Cut Frock Made From McCall Patterns



6275-6297



6293



6287-6279



6303-6291

ALTHOUGH preserving the general air of simplicity, the mode dictates clever details, which the home dressmaker can readily use in the making of her own clothes. Fur is easily handled and offers possibilities innumerable. Cut in bandings, three-quarters of an inch wide, fitch, skunk, ermine or beaver on sleeves, collar and low necks, adds a tone to the garment which can be gained in no other way. Buttons, oval or square, made of cloth, velvet, onyx, metal or jet, and placed symmetrically on closings or grouped on pleats, are another of the favored trimmings. To enrich the tailored frocks, conventional embroidery in color is used, while organdy collars and lace frills should not be overlooked, for by this means the effect of severe dresses is softened. Last, but not least, are the braidings, from wide Hercules to narrow soutache, in plain strips, fancy bandings, and ornamental frogs, bringing the military note to fashion at once natty and up-to-date.

No. 6275, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—A surplice closing on the popular basque makes it a dressy separate waist. On page 36, the model is shown in brocade with the collar plain silk, and the sleeves transparent chiffon. The pattern comes in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six requires one and a half yards forty-inch material and three-quarter yard forty-five-inch chiffon.

No. 6297, LADIES' THREE-PIECE PLEATED SKIRT (15 cents).—To give the new full skirts a trig appearance, the hems are turned at ankle depth, making them doubly desirable for street wear. Displaying this feature, a model is pictured in gabardine. The pattern comes in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size twenty-six requires three and three-quarter yards forty-inch material. Width at hem, three yards.

No. 6293, LADIES' REDINGOTE DRESS OR OVERDRESS (15 cents).—Behold the flaring overdress, the last word in style for a street costume. In the making, broadcloth is used for the body with satin for the sleeves. The pattern cuts in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. The costume illustrated, requires, in the medium size, three yards fifty-four-inch goods, with one and seven-eighth yards forty-inch satin.

No. 6287, LADIES' MILITARY BASQUE (15 cents).—With a martial note in its cut and trimming, a tailored basque stands on page 36. Fine serge is the fabric used, ornamented with braided frogs made from Transfer Design No. 647. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four bust. For size thirty-six, only two and a half yards of thirty-six-inch goods are needed. Transfer, 10 cents.

No. 6279, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Following the lines of the flaring tunics, short, full skirts come to the fore. In the fine serge model on page 36, this idea is cleverly attained by a circular flounce. The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. As illustrated, the costume requires, medium size, four and a quarter yards fifty-inch goods. Skirt's width, two and five-eighth yards.

No. 6285, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. As illustrated, size thirty-six requires, first costume, four and a half yards thirty-six-inch satin for skirt and guimpe, and one and five-eighth yards forty-inch velvet for jumper and postilion back; second costume, three and seven-eighth yards forty-inch material and one and five-eighth yards of forty-inch lace. Width at hem, full-length skirt, three yards.

No. 6303, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Collars are features worthy of note in the present styles. A novel treatment of the popular rolling type is shown on page 37, where a band of velvet in front leaves an open V below. The development of the blouse is in velour, enriched by hand-embroidered motifs from Transfer Design No. 543. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two and seven-eighth yards thirty-inch material. Transfer, 10 cents.

No. 6291, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Soft fulness below the yoke makes the flaring skirt of velour an excellent model for dressy wear. Hand-embroidery, after Transfer Design No. 543, gives tone to the garment, obtainable in no other way. Among the new fabrics, suited to skirts of this type, are chevots of soft quality, gabardine voile, a fabric with the rib of gabardine and the texture of voile, fine serges, broadcloths, faille silks, satins, taffetas and foulards. The shades are diverse, as they are beautiful. Bisque, in cloth or silk, is a favorite, rivaling the stand-by, dark blue. There is also a battleship gray, in keeping with the military mode, and gayer tones of salmon pink. Further possibilities of the skirt design are shown in the small views. The pattern may be had in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. As illustrated, the costume requires, medium size, five and an eighth yards forty-inch material. Skirt's width at hem, two and seven-eighth yards. Transfer, 10 cents.



6285

[For other views and descriptions of Designs Nos. 6239 and 6318 see page 47]



TAILORED LINES AGAIN IN FAVOR

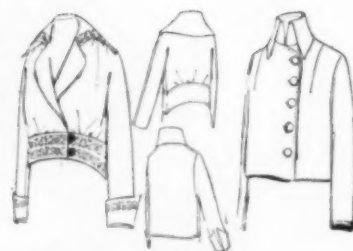
Short Skirt, Basque and Jumper Are Devoid of Trimming Save Embroidery or Buttons

For other views and descriptions, see page 40

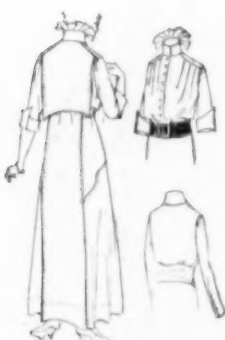
NEW MODES FOR STREET WEAR

Coats Become Short, Skirts Full, and Dresses Tend Toward the Princess, Styles Easily Made from Practical McCall Patterns

THE one-piece frock and the separate coat reign supreme this winter, so it follows that fabrics pliable and substantial are the vogue. Serge and gabardine are sturdy stand-bys, while broadcloth and poplin have reappeared. Broadcloth is trimmed with velvet, velour de laine with plush, velveteen with duvetyne, zibeline with chamois cloth or wide or narrow bands of fur.



6314
Transfer Design No. 445



6281-6313

No. 6281, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Waists turned tailored button to the neck, as shown in the crêpe de Chine model on page 39, with its shoulder straps in military style. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six, two and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6313, LADIES' FLARE SKIRT (15 cents).—Featuring the flare fashion dictates, the skirt appears in striped ratine. The pattern comes in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch length, three and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch fabric. Width at lower edge, three and a half yards.

No. 6209, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—Gabardine of fine quality makes the attractive basque on page 39, a new model, showing the soft wrinkles in front. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes two and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.



6209-6315

No. 6315, LADIES' TUCKED SKIRT (15 cents).—Gabardine shows to good advantage in the development of the skirt, tucked for style. The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Medium size costume illustrated, requires three and a quarter yards forty-two-inch goods. Skirt's width, three yards.

No. 6317, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires three and a half yards fifty-inch cloth, with one and one-half yards forty-inch satin. Skirt's width, three and an eighth yards. Transfer Design No. 408, used for beading, 10 cents.



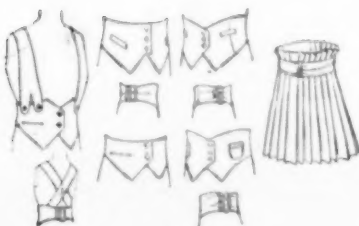
6317

No. 6314, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—With flare skirts, fashionable short coats reappear. A late model is pictured in broadcloth, braided after Transfer Design No. 445. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, requires only two yards fifty-four-inch goods, as illustrated in the small view, with kimono sleeves. Transfer, 10 cents.

No. 6311, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT (15 cents).—The short full skirt of broadcloth needs no trimming to accentuate its charm. Thirty-eight and forty-two-inch lengths are provided in the pattern which comes in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Suit illustrated requires, medium size, four and an eighth yards fifty-inch material. Skirt's width, three and an eighth yards.

No. 6277, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Surplice waist and flaring tunic add charm to the model illustrated in tan poplin and brown velvet. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires one and a half yards velvet and three and three-quarter yards poplin, each forty inches wide. Width, one-piece lower skirt, one and a half yards.

No. 6050, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRDLE BELTS (10 cents).—On the new costumes, the one smart finish is the belt, made of the same or contrasting material. Several styles are included in the set. The pattern cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size requires, narrow girdle, one-half yard twenty-seven-inch fabric.



6050



6311



6277



6295

No. 6205, LADIES' THREE-PIECE PRINCESS DRESS (15 cents).—A line in style entirely new, the Princess, is daily gaining in favor. Not the seamed Princess we used to know, but a two-piece model, fitted with shirring at the waist. On page 41, the development is satin of soft supple quality, well suited to the design. The only trimming is buttons, brown metal to match the dress, with a sash and bow tie of the satin. Foulard silks, this season, are showing new figures which would be unusually attractive in the dress. The pattern may be had in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Made of one material, six and a quarter yards of thirty-six-inch goods are needed for size thirty-six. Width at lower edge, three yards.



DOMINATING STYLES IN DAY COSTUMES

Blending Fabrics and Neutral Tints Lend Beauty In the Development of New Designs

For other views and descriptions, see page 40

INTERPRETATIONS OF THE SEASON'S BEST

Jumper and Overblouse Effects,
Styles for Little Girls, While
Suits; Garments Easily Made at



6292

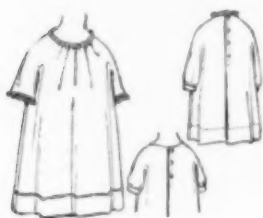
6310

6290

No. 6292, Boys' SUIT (15 cents).—Serge is used for suit, and linen for blouse. The pattern cuts in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six, two and an eighth yards serge and one and three-eighths yards linen, each thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6310, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS (10 cents).—A dress in batiste shows the charm of the kimono cut sleeves, up to date and easy to make. The pattern may be had in five sizes, six months to four years. For size two, one and three-quarter yards of thirty-inch material are needed.

No. 6290, CHILD'S OLIVER TWIST ROMPER (10 cents).—With trousers buttoned high on the waist, the new romper is shown in percale, an excellent play garment for any boy or girl. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six months to six years. The size four requires one and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods.



6310

No. 6302, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—In five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight, two and three-eighths yards plaid and the same amount of plain thirty-six-inch material for jumper.

No. 6304, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—In five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight, two and three-eighths yards thirty-six-inch material with one and three-quarter yards for sleeves and lower skirt. Transfer No. 405, 10 cents.



6302

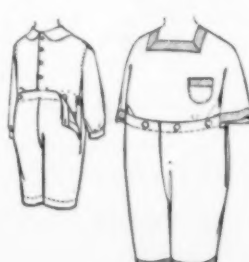
6304



6292



6302



6290



6304

Transfer Design No. 405 for Braiding

SIMPLIFIED IN CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

Combining Two or More Fabrics, Mark the Boys Have Dutch and Oliver Twist Play Home with the Aid of a McCall Pattern

No. 6284, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Influenced by adult fashions, dresses for small girls show the little circular skirts and tailored finish, now the vogue. Below on this page, the mode is well defined in a frock of serge, its plainness relieved only by tucks, buttons and a lace yoke. The pattern may be had in five sizes, six to fourteen years. For size eight, two and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch material are needed with one-quarter yard of eighteen-inch lace.



6284

6274
Transfer Design No. 481

6276



6278

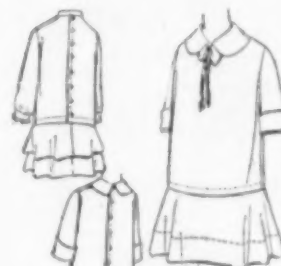
6298

No. 6278, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—Cuts in four sizes, two to eight years. Size four requires one and three-eighths yards check and three-quarter yard plain thirty-six-inch fabric.

No. 6298, BOY'S SUIT (15 cents).—In four sizes, two to eight years. Size four, one and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch colored and one and a quarter yards twenty-seven-inch white goods.

No. 6276, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents). The pattern in five sizes, four to twelve years. The eight-year size, requires only two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material.

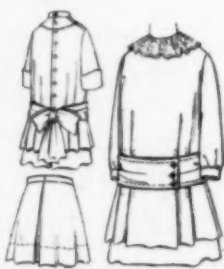
No. 6274, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight will require one and a quarter yards forty-four-inch striped and one and three-eighths yards thirty-six-inch plain goods. Transfer Design No. 481 used for braided motifs, 10 cents.



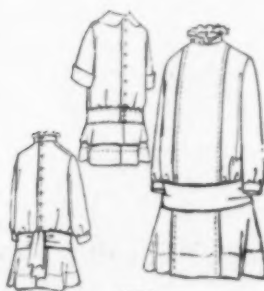
6278



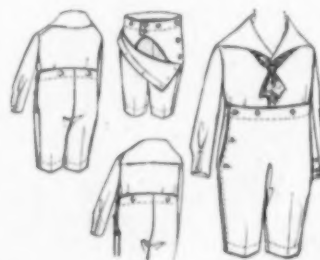
6284



6274



6276



6298



APPROVED APPAREL OF 'STYLISH CUT

WHETHER the waist is a long basque or an overblouse, a tailored model or a trig jumper, the skirt is short, full and flaring, plain circular or pleated. In the popular development, two fabrics combine, satin and serge, silk and poplin, or broadcloth and satin again, while the one smart trimming is braid, narrow soutache applied in fancy design, or wide Hercules for binding.

No. 6204, MISSES' REDINGOTE DRESS (15 cents).—Long basque and full skirt combine to form the redingote, pictured above in silk and Scotch plaid. The pattern is obtainable in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires two yards of fifty-inch plaid and two yards of forty-inch plain fabric for the sash and waist. The three-piece skirt's width is two and three-quarter yards.

No. 6260, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' SCOTCH HATS (10 cents).—Well in keeping with the lines of the mode are the popular tam o' shanters. For school wear, they are unexcelled, made of silk, satin or fabric the same as the dress. The set includes several shapes, shown on page 46. The pattern may be had in three sizes, Ladies', Misses' and Girls'. Misses' size requires seven-eighth yard of twenty-seven-inch fabric for the tam o' shanter.

No. 6282, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Tailored styles, returning, bring a natty dress for school, academy or college, in overblouse effect, with yoke skirt. In the development, satin is used with serge. The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, three yards forty-eight-inch serge and three-quarter yard thirty-six-inch satin. Skirt's width, two and a half yards.

No. 6308, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Straight in front and curved in back, the newest neck-line appears on the dress of poplin. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. For size sixteen, four yards of forty-four-inch goods are needed. The three-piece skirt's width is three and a half yards. Transfer Design No. 400, used for braiding; price, 10 cents.

No. 6296, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Pattern in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen takes three and three-quarter yards forty-four-inch fabric and one and a half yards twenty-seven-inch material for sleeves. Two-piece skirt's width, two and a half yards. Transfer Design No. 330 used for braiding, shown in small views, 10 cents.

[For other views, see page 46]



6288

5890-6116

6286

6316

Transfer Design No. 647

Transfer Design No. 445

FOR SCHOOL, ACADEMY AND COLLEGE

NO. 6288, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Showing the trend toward separate waists and separate skirts; the newest basque appears in velvet with a tiered skirt of serge. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires two and a half yards forty-four-inch serge and one and five-eighths yards forty-inch velvet. Skirt's width, two and a half yards.

NO. 5800, MISSES' AND GIRLS' CO-ED OR BALKAN BLOUSE (10 cents).—The linen middy blouse we love so well, made up-to-date with raglan sleeve and rolling collar, offers attractions for the schoolgirl's wardrobe. The pattern is obtainable in eight sizes, six to twenty years. Size sixteen requires two and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch fabric, with one-half yard same width for trimming.

NO. 6116, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Moderate in width, conservative in cut, and smart in style, the model makes an excellent every-day skirt in serge, gabardine or tweed. The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires, for the three-piece skirt, two and an eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Around the lower edge, the skirt measures one and seven-eighths yards.

NO. 6286, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—With yoke pointed vest-fashion, the model of gabardine gives just a hint of basque styles now so popular. The pattern for the design comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. For size sixteen, only four and an eighth yards of forty-four-inch goods are needed without collar or cuffs. Transfer Design No. 647, used for braided frogs; price, 10 cents.

NO. 6316, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Made in the new ripple-cloth, one of the latest dresses stands above. The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen will require only three and an eighth yards of fifty-inch fabric without collar. Skirt's width, two and three-quarter yards. Transfer Design No. 445, for braiding, No. 543 for embroidery; price, 10 cents each.

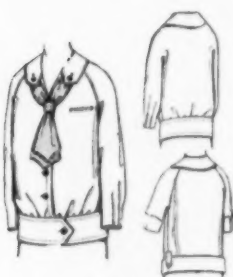
Braiding, the military trend in fashion, gives the frock the tailored finish now deemed so desirable. Two popular treatments, frogs and banding, are shown on this page; the frogs at the closing, and the banding on the waist of a frock. These, the home dressmaker can easily copy from McCall Kaumagraph Transfer designs.

[For other views, see page 46]

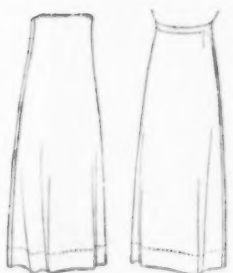
YOUTHFUL DESIGNS IN DANCE FROCKS



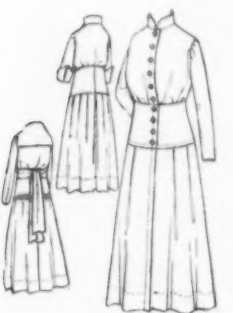
6288



5890



6116



6286

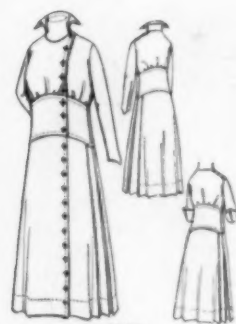
6316
Transfer Design No. 543

6260



6306

6088



6308



6282



6294



6296

Transfer Design No. 320



3306

IN the late winter, as in no other season, the young girl needs a dainty frock for dances, parties and festive occasions. Fulness, returning in fashion, gives an added grace to the designs, in keeping with the nets, chiffons, laces and soft silk weaves now in favor. A youthful combination is delicate crêpe de Chine in the body and tunic, with chiffon or net below. Any light weight silk can be used in the same manner, or summer goods, such as organdy, mull and batiste, with net, give a good effect, while whole net dresses are also desirable, as well as net and lace.

No. 6306, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—In four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, four and three-quarter yards forty-five-inch net with two and three-eighth yards thirteen-inch lace. Skirt's width, two and a quarter yards.

No. 6088, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, four and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch silk, one and an eighth yards chiffon. Skirt's width, one and three-eighth yards.



6088

UNDERWEAR AND DRESS ACCESSORIES



6102

NO. 6102, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRDLES (15 cents).—Accessories which add distinction and style to the gown are shown in these girdles. One is suitable for wide ribbon, the others for silk. The pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist, and requires, of twenty-four-inch material, for gathered girdle, two yards; for shorter girdle, one and one-fourth yards; while the bias girdle takes one and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch material, and the sash girdle, three and one-half yards of sixteen-inch ribbon.

No. 6280, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER (10 cents).—Something new in a practical corset cover is shown to the right of this page. The garment is slipped over the head and tied with a draw-string back and front. Nainsook and longcloth are serviceable and dainty materials. The model is embroidered with Transfer Design No. 646 (10 cents). The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust measure. Size thirty-six takes one yard thirty-six-inch goods.

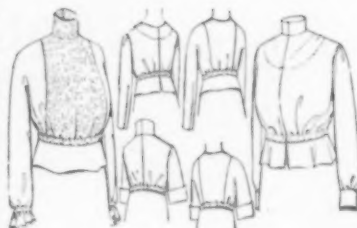


6280

Transfer Design 646

Transfer Pattern 354
Scallop 294
5940Transfer Pattern 356
Scallop 318
6280

No. 5940, LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS (10 cents).—The dresses of the season call for dainty neckwear in linen, piqué or Swiss. The pattern cuts in two sizes, Ladies' and Misses'. The square collar and vest require seven-eighths yard and the round collar five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material. The standing and pointed collars take one-fourth yard each, twenty-two-inch fabric and the straight revers collar three-eighths yard twenty-seven-inch material. Transfer Designs Nos. 354, 294, 356 and 318, 10 cents each.

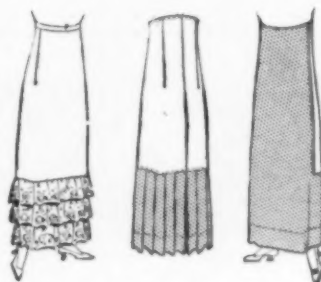


6318

No. 6318, LADIES' AND MISSES' GUIMPE (15 cents).—The vogue for jumper dresses makes guimpes a necessity. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. With sleeves set-in style, the entire guimpe requires one and three-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material, size thirty-six.

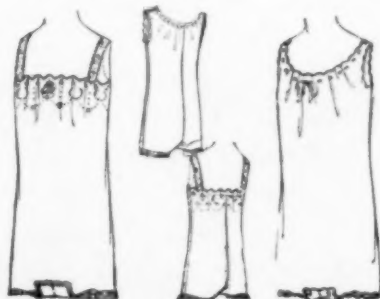
No. 6239, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE FOUNDATION OR UNDERSKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size twenty-six: skirt, three yards and three-eighths twenty-seven-inch; pleated lower section, two yards and one-eighth; plain lower section, one yard and one-eighth, and front and lower section, one yard and three-fourths, thirty-six-inch material. Skirt's width, plain is one and a half yards; pleated, three yards.

No. 5710, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE (10 cents).—The envelope chemise is a combination of chemise or corset cover with open or closed drawers. It may be worn as a vest and is made of crêpe de Chine, China silk, long cloth, nainsook or batiste. One of the illustrations is embroidered from Transfer Design No. 323 (10 cents). The pattern cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires, two and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods.



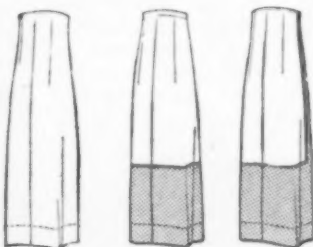
6239

No. 6300, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRAWERS (10 cents).—With no crotch seam to pull, these drawers appear. The fabric used is longcloth, or perhaps, for winter, albatross in place of knitted drawers. Pattern in four sizes, one to six years. Size two requires seven-eighth yard of thirty-six-inch material.

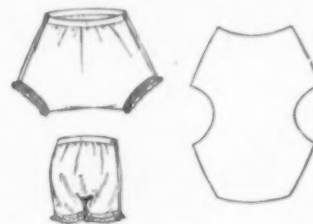


5710

Transfer Design No. 323 for scallops



6239



6300

SIMPLE EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

FOR THE PRACTICAL NEEDLEWOMAN

By HELEN THOMAS

644—Bunny Design for the Little Tots. This is to be made of white, gray, or brown Canton flannel, and stuffed. The features are to be outlined in black silk or mercerized cotton; the eyes, shoe buttons; the garments may be outlined in the black floss, or they may be made like doll clothes, of colored material, such as chambray or gingham. The bunny is 17¼ inches high. Pattern provides front and back, and full directions for making bunny and his clothes.



644—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

worked around the neck. Matches designs for Corset Cover No. 493, and Drawers No. 495. McCall Pattern for Nightgown No. 5119, 15 cents.

641—Conventional Design for 23 x 15½-inch Pillow Top. Effective and especially suitable for working upon heavy crash, burlap, or monk's cloth; to be developed in heavy silk twist or mercerized cotton. Flowers of central motif in satin-stitch in two shades of terra cotta; centers in blue; other central motifs dark and light blue, all these centers orange; end-motifs two shades of green, middle petals light; stems green; all parts outlined in black. Matches scarf-end design No. 642. Both pieces are very rich in color effect.



641—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR PILLOW TOP, 10 CENTS

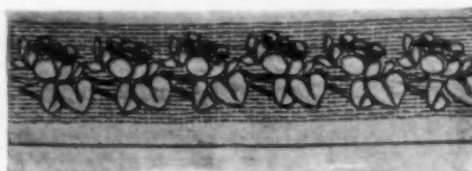
645—Attractive Design for Nightgown. To be worked on fine nainsook or linen in marking cotton; the daisies in satin-stitch with eyelet centers; leaves in satin outline to be filled in with seeding; scallops to be padded with three rows in darning stitch, and buttonholed. Eyelets for ribbon are to be



645—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS



645—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR NIGHTGOWN, 10 CENTS

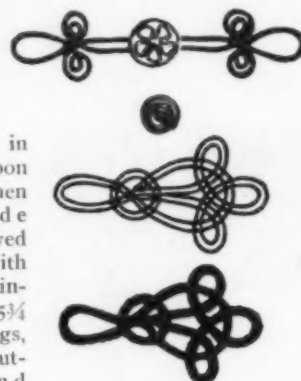


643—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR TOWEL-END, 10 CENTS

642—Scarf - End Design, 15 x 7 inches. To be worked in silk or cotton. Central motif, 2 shades green; other motif, 2 shades blue; centers, orange and blue, respectively. All outlined in black. Matches 641. Two designs in pattern.

646—Spray Design for Many Uses. Suitable for embroidering children's clothes and fancy articles. Dots are to be worked in eyelet stitch; leaves and flowers in satin-stitch; stems in satin outline on nainsook, linen, or batiste, to be worked with marking cotton; on cashmere or flannel, with silk floss. One sheet of sprays in pattern. Shown developed upon child's dress, McCall pattern No. 6196, 15 cents.

647—Design for Braided Frogs for trimming dresses, waists or coats. May be stamped in blue or yellow upon garment and then braided, or made separate and sewed on. Directions with pattern, which includes 6 frogs, 5¼ x 3 inches, 12 frogs, 3½ x 2 inches, 6 buttons, 1 inch, and twelve buttons, 1¼ inches in diameter.



647—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

643—Water-lily Design for Towel-End. Outline and darning stitches; medium-weight silk or mercerized cotton. Lilies may be worked in yellow; leaves and stems in green; darning, to suggest water, in dark blue. The pattern provides two designs 14 x 3½ inches.

Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph Transfer pattern at any McCall pattern agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York City, 10 cents. Not supplied stamped on material. Miss Thomas will be glad to answer any questions on embroidery. McCall's Book of Embroidery gives directions for stitches and illustrates designs. In United States, with 1 free transfer pattern 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.



642—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR SCARF-END, 10 CENTS

NEW FANCY WORK IDEAS

ARTICLES FOR VARIOUS USES

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10450—Laundry Bag, white linen top, blue chambray bottom, with convenient side opening. Sprays, satin-stitch, word outlined; both blue; side opening, buttonholed white. Stamped on the two materials, 35 cents. Blue and white working cotton, 10 cents, or silk, 35 cents, extra. Cord, 15 cents extra. All materials, with cotton floss, free for three, or with silk, for four 50-cent subscriptions. Bag completed, is 18 x 22 inches.



10446—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS

10446 — Attractive Collar-and-Cuff Set. In satin-stitch. Stamped on lawn, 25 cents; on organdy, 50 cents, or free for two 50-cent subscriptions; three skeins cotton, 8 cents, or 5 skeins silk, 25 cents, extra; set stamped on organdy, with silk floss, free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

10451 — Pillow-case in New Punched Work. Floral part of design in Appenzell stitch, geometrical



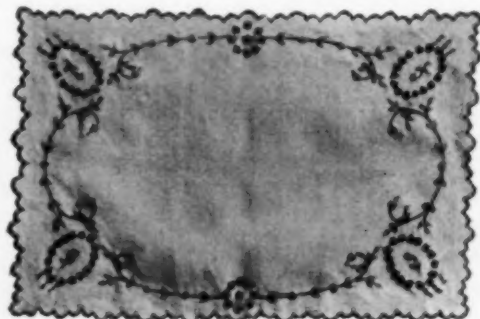
10447—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS

10447—Hair Ribbon and Glove Case. Stamped on white linen 16 x 25 inches, 35 cents; 1 skein each, brown, pink, yellow, and green cotton, 10 cents, or 2 skeins each color silk, 40 cents, extra. Ribbon not supplied. To make, lay in middle of strip of linen two cardboards, each 6 x 15, leaving one inch between. Bring remainder of linen over boards and turn in; bind edges, and tack bands of elastic inside, 3 inches in from ends of each strip, through which to slip ribbons or gloves.



10450—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS

10449—Tray Cloth in French Knots and Solid Embroidery. Satin-stitch leaves and French-knot flowers on stems, light green; other flowers dark green; outlined stems and buttonholed edge, medium green. Stamped on white linen, 15 x 22 inches, 35 cents; 9 skeins cotton, 20 cents, or 12 skeins silk, 50 cents, extra. Centerpiece to match, (a) stamped on linen 18 x 18 inches, 25 cents; floss and premium same as above; (b) stamped on linen 36 x 36 inches, 85 cents; cotton, 35 cents, or silk, 90 cents, extra.



10449—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS



10448—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern, including stamping directions and preparation, 15 cents, from The McCall Co., New York City. Not carried by Agencies. Stamped material furnished. Miss Sterling will answer embroidery questions if a stamped envelope is enclosed. "Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs" sent free for a two-cent stamp.



10451—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS

pattern in punched work (See embroidery lesson, page 55). Design stamped on tubing, 22 x 36 inches, single case, 45 cents; per pair, 85 cents. Four skeins of white cotton floss for working, 10 cents, or six skeins of silk, 30 cents, extra. One pair of stamped cases and cotton floss free for four 50-cent subscriptions.

10452—Pillow in Popular Black and White. Figures, and leaves and stems in border, outlined; buttons, and flowers on dress, apron, and in border, French-knots; collars and cuffs, satin-stitch. Design stamped on tan art ticking, 17 x 31 inches, back, and 6 skeins black and white cotton for working, 50 cents; or free for two 50-cent subscriptions; 8 skeins silk, 40 cents, and fringe, 20 cents, extra.

10448—Case for Embroidery Silks. Made over two 5 x 8-inch cardboards with 1-inch space between for 12 envelopes, placed with openings at outer edges of case, and fastened to inside fold of case. Garland, red and yellow French-knots; word, red Russian cable stitch. Stamped on white linen 9 x 22 inches, and embroidery cotton, 25 cents; or with silk, 40 cents.



10452—PERFORATED PATTERN, 15 CENTS

WHAT TO BUY FOR THE CHILDREN

A LESSON IN SHOPPING FOR TOYS

By FRANCES CHENEY DAWSON

THERE is probably no feature of holiday joys, or the birthday celebrations which dot all the months of the year, that represents as much pure enjoyment to the average parent as the inspection and selection of the children's toys. To many parents, the only restriction upon what is bought in the



mad abandonment of toy shopping is the size of the purse. In general, I think it may be assumed that Father will pick out all the amusing mechanical attractions—monkeys that run up a string, big tin bugs that walk on the ground, and colored jockeys riding wonderful horses at the touch of a spring. It seems to be Mother's business to provide the counteracting judgment and select good toys, just as she would plan a sensible

meal, and gently but firmly lead Father away from the breakables and scatterables to look over those that will not be tired of or in ruins before a month is over.

Giving children fragile, perishable toys, or those that leave nothing for the possessor to do or imagine has a very bad effect. Toys that break easily breed a spirit of carelessness, if not absolute destructiveness. I have not a huge amount of faith in the so-called spirit of investigation that is supposed to prompt little Johnny to take the clock to pieces; I am inclined to believe that he has already demolished several frail engines and puzzles and so acquired a bad habit. I do believe, however, that the incessant activity of childhood is back of all this demolition. Little fingers fairly ache to be doing something, and it is the mother's business to find them something to do that is constructive instead of destructive.

Here, then, is the first thought to bear in mind when toy-hunting: Look for toys, games, and amusements with which the child can do or make something. For young children, among the best of such playthings is a good set of blocks—not the painted or papier-mâché ones in cheap sets; but large, smooth, perfectly plain blocks, in considerable quantity, so that not only a house, church, or school, but a whole village, a fleet of boats, or a set of furniture may be built of them. If you cannot find such blocks in a store, any carpenter can make a boxful; or, if Father is handy with saw, plane, and sandpaper, he can make them at home of strips of inch pine scantling.

As soon as the child is old enough, follow the blocks with tools. A boy of seven or even younger will be delighted with a good hammer, saw, screw-driver, plane, brace and bits, chisel, gimlet, pliers, foot-rule, T-square, and file. Any mother can easily direct the use of this simple outfit, and, by studying tool catalogues and books on carpentry for boys, find out what others she wishes to add from time to time as she sees fit.

It is poor economy to buy any but first-rate carpenter's tools; your boy cannot do good work with inferior equipment, and will lose interest in his efforts. In addition to the tools, and as a separate gift, a carpenter's bench, with tool-box, may be chosen. A good jack-knife is almost a tool, and something every boy wants. A little girl may not take as much interest in

hammer, saw, and plane as her brother, but there is no reason why your daughter should not learn to drive nails, and, a little later on, to make for herself simple, useful things, like boxes and shelves. Knowledge of any handicraft acquired in childhood is a great protection, later on, against both idleness and loneliness.

An express wagon is a prized possession; it should be a plain, strong one, with wooden wheels that will stand rough wear. The larger children can pull the little ones about in it, and it may be pressed into service for all sorts of errands. A stout wheelbarrow is another good out-of-doors plaything, and, like a sled, can be used by all the children.



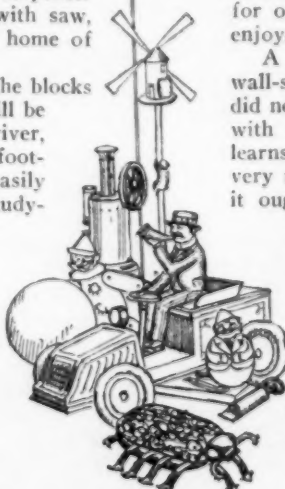
If you can buy or make a play-house for the children, they will be very happy. A tent is always liked; an Indian wigwam with figures painted on its khaki sides, and strong poles that come apart for storing, may be bought for a comparatively small amount. With the tent, each child should be given an Indian or cowboy suit. These may be had for about a dollar. Children love dressing-up, and any game that permits the imagination full play is sure to be a good selection.

Roller and ice skates answer the requirement that a toy should provide something for its possessor to do. The strong stationary, double-seated swings are somewhat expensive, but thoroughly durable; there are smaller suspended swings, ranging in price from twenty-five cents for one with a tiny single seat, to ten dollars for a safe, wooden, double porch-swing.

For the small daughter a new dolly is always acceptable, as well as any contribution to Dolly's comfort, such as a bedstead, a baby-carriage, or dolls' furniture on a smaller scale. Little children love sand-molds and the little enameled tea and kitchen sets that come for the dolls' houses. Dolls' bathroom fixtures may be bought, nowadays, and chandeliers, telephones, mantelpieces, and many other fixtures that give the doll-house the semblance of reality. I would again warn the interested parent to go very slowly; it is better to provide the unfurnished doll-house as one gift, and then, gradually, working with the little daughter, select the fittings for one room at a time, letting her get the most enjoyment out of each little appointment.

A blackboard, with chalk and eraser, is a great wall-saver. I suppose the child never lived who did not at some time or other attack the wall-paper with pencil or crayon; and when your boy first learns to write his own name in school, you may be very much astonished if you do not find it where it ought not to be. Pads, pencils, and colored

crayons are good for children who have reached school age, but you should superintend the use that is made of them. My own experience is that cluttery toys are a great nuisance; that colored chalks break up and get gritted into the carpet; that beads, jackstraws, games with many parts, puzzles, small beads, and even the very useful and instructive anagram letters are a constant source of work to the mother unless the children are properly trained to pick up everything themselves.



THE NEW YEAR INVENTORY

A DEPARTMENT FOR SOCIAL BETTERMENT

Conducted by ZONA GALE

WE have outgrown New Year's resolutions. But that is no reason for believing that we have outgrown New Year's.

New Year's day is a mile-stone. Whether we recognize it or not, it marks a stage just as clearly as does the sign by the roadside which tells us how far we have come, and how far we have still to go. New Year's day tells us neither of these things. But it invites us to remember, as a striking clock invites us, that time has passed, and that we should be something to time, even as time is something to us. There is no reason why we should be more concerned with this on New Year's day than on any other day. It is not as if we could plant then, as we can plant in spring; or reap then, as we can reap in autumn. But it is only that our concern on that day is sharpened and pointed by the fact that we are shown a measuring-rod: one year long.

Suppose, this year, instead of measuring individual virtues and failures, we measure something else.

Instead of being chiefly concerned with whether we have made progress in controlling our tempers, in repressing an unworthy will, in conquering selfishness, and in developing (not acquiring) the positive qualities of love, courage, truth, human understanding of folk—suppose that we think about another kind of progress.

What other kind of progress is there? Surely, I cannot mean I am thinking of success, in a worldly sense, or of gain; or of accumulation; or of promotion?

No; I am not thinking of any of these. Nor am I even thinking of new friends, or new knowledge, or new experience in books and travel, or of health.

These have been for ages the standards which we have produced to test our advances. And these, and the others allied to them, have one quality in common which makes them all less significant than the kind of progress that I mean.

For these things which I have named are all individual advances. And the kind of progress that I mean is the all-together advancement in which we have shared, or failed to share.

IN a word: What about your town's life this year, as compared with your town's life a year ago? How does this New Year's measuring-rod compare, there, with last New Year's measuring-rod?

"Oh," you say, "we have five or six new residences built in the course of the year. We have a new business-block going up. The telephone company has new quarters. We have window-boxes and a flag-staff at the factory. A thousand shrubs were set out in the park in the spring."

But every one of these, excepting the shrubs, is still an individual advance. It is an advance of the firm or the family responsible for the improvement. To be sure, the town shares in these. But what are the advances which the town has inaugurated?

The dump-hole southwest of the city—has that been filled in yet? Is the new paving going down at last? How far has the town's ownership of the electric light and water supply gone toward consummation? How many cases of typhoid fever were reported in the year, and is



the city water contaminated, or simply polluted, and why? Has anything more been done about introducing medical inspection of school children? Did the herdsmen give the tuberculin test more than just once? What about the plans for garbage collection, and did these come to anything? What became of the petition for a new railway-station, or a new post-office? What chance is there for the new library building that you all conceded to be needed? And back of the flag-staff and the window-boxes at the factory, how is there going forward that vague movement for shorter hours, better wages, a ventilating plant, and fire-escapes?

For these are the things that measure a town. And how is its New Year's taking-of-stock to go on if we, who are responsible, have not seen to it that these common advances have been made by us all, for our common town?

LATELY, Edwin Markham was lecturing in a city, and after his engagement was filled, they took him about the city for a motor ride. They showed him the residence part, pointed out the magnificent lawns, the parks, the boulevards, the expensive planting, the great business blocks, the fine pavements, the monuments. . . . And, at length, he said: "But, now, I want to see the real part of the city, please."

What did he mean? they asked him.

"Why," said he, "the part where all this grandeur is manufactured. The roots, you know—the roots of the town." Then he told them.

"I want to go down to the manufacturing district," he said. "I want to see your factories and mills. I want to go inside them, and learn about them. They are your town, really." If only every distinguished visitor would do that!

The individual virtues are not enough. There might be a whole city full of people who were disobeying not one of the ten commandments, and whose individual records would shine and glow, and whose charities would reach into the thousands.

And yet, if that town was lacking in all that I have listed as belonging to a town; if its schools were falling to pieces and were not up to grade; if there was a great area where Poverty lived, unattacked save by charity and philanthropy, and not by prevention and understanding—then that city full of people would be below the moral and social standard of to-day.

The individual virtues are not enough. We have come to a time when our moral and social progress is more than ever interdependent and cooperative. We came to that time when Jesus was on earth—but it is only of late that we have begun to recognize it.

What else did he mean by the Golden Rule, and by "Love one another"? What else save the utter interdependence of all men.

The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is not an individual right, for it cannot be won by one man alone. It is a social right, and can only be won by all of us together.

How far has your town come, in this last year, toward the best that we now know for these great Community Homes which our towns are? How far can it go next year? And what is your share in the common task?

THE NURSE AT THE FRONT

WHAT IT MEANS TO WEAR A RED CROSS IN TIME OF WAR

[Continued from page 15]

care for yourself—and save others. I—must go—it does not matter about me now."

Do you wonder that the woman who has passed through the experience of war comes from it as from a sacred ceremony? One incident like this is worth having lived and worked for—human nature looks to her that much the better.

And that is one of the war nurse's greatest rewards—her increased respect for human nature. She sees heroism at every turn. Some men whimper like babies, to be sure; but not the most of them. They lie hours on a stretcher, sometimes days, waiting to be carried in from the field, and never complain. They wait their turn for relief from the doctors, and then urge that a mate be taken first—"He's hurt worse than I am." They endure the most severe probing with tight-locked lips.

Besides endurance, the other cardinal virtue of the war nurse is resourcefulness. At home, in time of peace, a nurse finds every highly improved appliance and supply ready at her hand. In the emergency of war she may find nothing. Her ingenuity is her greatest asset.

When the relief corps goes to the field over which a battle has just passed, the women are not, as a general thing, among them. It is said that Russia is the only European country which permits the women of the Red Cross on the actual field. But in other places they are ready to receive at the base hospital, which is not far from the action, and may be a mere group of tents to shelter the wounded.

Anna Robinson in Europe is going to be called upon for all sorts of emergencies. It is almost impossible to obtain needed supplies there, owing to the overwhelming extent of the war. One of her comrades wrote from France to New York: "Send us anything except money. We can't buy what we want. But send gauze, bandages, absorbent cotton, anything that we can use to dress wounds. The men are brought in bleeding, the surgeons probe, and then the victims lie here with the wounds open, because we can't get dressings."

So far as possible the nurses are dressing wounds with all sorts of things not intended for the purpose—one sterilized and used her own handkerchiefs. Ingenuity is everywhere brought into play.

It is highly probable that in the dearth of all supplies the nurse will many a night go to bed—if she goes to bed at all—hungry. If there isn't enough milk to go around, the suffering men get what there is. Chocolate, rice, malted milk, all sorts of foods are probably giving out somewhere every day, and the nurse is the one to do without, because her endurance is relied upon. Anna Robinson knew, from the day when she sailed out of New York harbor, that hunger was among the possible lions which lay in wait for her.

SHE is ready to do any sort of work, no matter how far from her profession, that presents itself. Sometimes there is an emergency hospital to be improvised in haste, and if there are not enough men to put up the tents, or to clean and equip some building which is temporarily turned into a hospital, the nurse's ready hands are there to help. Nothing is outside the war nurse's scope.

Anna Robinson must accept any kind of living conditions that come her way, and be thankful that they are living, instead of dying, conditions. If she should be sent to some remote district where there is no complete base hospital, she may be obliged to give up what comfortable tents there are to the suffering and, with a group of

heroic nurses, huddle for the hour or two of sleep granted her, in a tiny tent through which the rain is streaming in a torrent. It has been the experience of others. Or she may encounter a dearth of water. Perhaps there will be only enough to bathe the wounds and to give the surgical fever victims a drop to wet their parched lips.

THERE may be extreme peril at times, too, aside from the danger of sickness and break-down. There have been occasions when Red Cross nurses worked in direct range of fire from sharpshooters. So long as war remains orderly, this is not likely to occur; but if any lawless guerilla warfare arises, it can very easily endanger the nurse. After the Battle of Santiago, when the surgeons worked all night long in three large operating tents, with half a dozen ambulances bringing in the wounded all the while from the battle line, there were sharpshooters in the trees just beyond the tents trying to pick off the wounded where they lay. It turned out that they succeeded in killing two Red Cross men; the nurses were exposed to the same danger. The miserable candles by which the surgeons were operating had to be extinguished that the sharpshooters might not be assisted by their light, and the night's work was done largely by the light of the moon. Think of probing for a bullet, think of dressing a wound, by moonlight! Anna Robinson may face just such a situation. Do you wonder that the test insisted that her nerves be steady, her faculties keen?

And after all is said and done, when the nurse has fought her most gallant fight to save every human life entrusted to her care, there is going to be many a time when she sees one of these lives give a last flicker, rise, fall like a weak flame, and be extinguished. And in that last moment she alone is there to offer a word of comfort. In the home, and the home hospital, those nearest and dearest are gathered at the bedside; here on the battlefield she holds the hand of some lonely boy who has no one else to turn to, and faces with him the Great Journey. Perhaps he struggles and chokes over a message that he must send to the only one who cares. She is entrusted with that precious word; it is hers to leave no stone unturned if it can be sent to the one who aches to receive it. And, perhaps, there is no one who does care, and the boy is fading forth forgotten. It's a lot more than he ever expected, to feel at that moment the firm, gentle grasp of a woman's hand and hear somebody whisper:

"It's all right, boy. Trust the Road."

Those who saw that ship-load of demure, gray-garbed young women, with their military capes and hats, their plain, brown, waterproof bags carrying all the luggage they were allowed, crossing the gangplank on September 12th, know that they were ready to meet it all. They were not indulging in heroics, they were not prating sentimentally about the sacredness of their mission; instead, they were no sooner aboard the ship than they lined up for class work in First Aid, French, German, and the Metric System. They were taking notes from the surgeons' lectures before the Mercy Ship stirred from the wharf, and they sailed out of the East River waving their left hands in acknowledgment of the salutes, and jotting down, "Arterial hemorrhage is characterized by bright red blood," with their right.

That is the spirit in which they went forth; the sense of a Big Work being theirs, and not a moment to waste in performing it. And when the story of Anna Robinson and all her Red Cross sisters comes to be written, there will not one be found wanting.

DRESSING THE EMOTIONS

DOES YOUR GOWN EXPRESS YOUR SOUL?

By BEATRICE CROSBY

THE gay, subdued chatter in the palm-decked tea-room of the Hotel Plaza came to a sudden stop. Everybody turned to look!

She had hesitated just inside the spacious doorway, while the handsome man at her side glanced about for a table. Her gown of black fell in straight, simple lines from her shoulders to her feet, so that the slight, wonderfully graceful figure beneath was barely suggested; her hat was a toque and designed to be nothing in itself except a part of the costume—so that here was nothing sufficiently striking to attract special attention. But her face—or, rather, her eyes! She wore a veil of which the lower half was so heavily embroidered as practically to conceal her features. The upper part was of sheer net, nothing more than a film. Between her wonderful arched eyebrows was a large beauty patch, and her eyes—deep blue eyes they were, heavily shaded with their long black lashes—shone out with startling distinctness. The whole impression she gave was one of eyes—beautiful eyes. She might have been a Turkish woman, shrouded from the world, and gazing out at it from her yashmak. Yet, most of the people discreetly gazing knew that this was Madame Alla Nazimova, the famous Russian actress, with her husband, Charles Bryant.

The effect achieved by this gown was not at all an accident. It was as carefully planned as the arrangement of the pictures on your living-room walls. For Madame Nazimova has a theory of dress. With her it is not so much a covering as a revealing—a real expression of her soul, of her feelings, of her inner self.

"Why, I could not possibly wear a soft, clinging gown when I expected to be with someone I cared little for," she declared. "It would be like showing my heart to a stranger. With the outsiders of my life, acquaintances who will never be friends, there must be barriers—stiff, unresponsive, formal fabrics, like serge. For those who may come close to me, there are warm, soft, clinging things, which carry the atmosphere of intimacy, and through which I may express my real self. And if I am gay, unrestrained, I cannot wear black. I must show myself, then, as I am."

Fabrics, colors, lines, all enter into this means of expression, according to Madame Nazimova. Before her new play, *That Sort*, was put on at the Harris Theater in

New York, she spent days and weeks determining and designing the costumes she would wear during its three acts. The play is an emotional vehicle, and she felt that her costumes, just as much as her words, could be made to put some of these emotions across the footlights and into the hearts of her audience.

It may seem a very vague and illusive idea—this emotional dressing—but Madame Nazimova has carried it out in definite fashion. She has endeavored to have each of the three gowns she wears in



THE
SPIRITUAL
STRUGGLING
FOR
EXPRESSION

ONLY A MOTHER, NOW

NAZIMOVA, HERSELF

That Sort, indicate the development of a woman's soul. In the first act she wears a most bizarre gown of lace and silk. The skirt and bodice are of rich, figured lace. Over this is black silk, in redingote effect, which com-

pletely covers up the lace in the back, buttons up close from waist to neck in the front, and can be drawn together over the skirt so that only the unrelieved black may be seen. But it is lined with white silk blazing with a gorgeous, varicolored pat-

THE UNTIDY SOUL
NAZIMOVA IN FIRST ACT OF "THAT SORT"

[Concl. on page 54]



"Sure!
Mother always used it."

And he might add that "Mother" is a sensible and thoroughly practical housewife. She has the best of reasons for favoring

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Not only because it saves time and avoids needless labor and care, but because it is so entirely wholesome and satisfying.

Nourishing in itself, an aid to digestion, a sharpener of appetite—this perfect soup is, in fact, a regular promoter of good-nature and sturdy health.

Buy it by the dozen. Enjoy it regularly and often. You will find it always acceptable, always good.

Your money back
if not satisfied.

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Campbell's
SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

DRESSING THE EMOTIONS

[Continued from page 53]

tern, so that, when she walks and the redingote flares, this is the most predominant note of the costume.

This is Diana Laska, the woman with an untidy soul, who, infinitely weary of life, has come to a hotel to end it. She is a morphine addict and her brain is sick unto breaking. The combination of the luxurious, expensive lace with the plain black silk indicates the ease-loving soul which must make everything satisfying to the senses, and the exotic lining gives the key-note to her character.

In the second act, we see a new woman and a new soul. Her longing to come back into the life of the little daughter she has not seen for sixteen years, and who does not know of the existence of her mother, has carried her through a struggle which has lasted six months, during which she has rebuilt herself, mentally, physically, and morally. The old Diana Laska is dead—but the new Diana Laska, the woman who is to be, is not yet born. What exists is negative. To indicate this stage of the soul's development, Nazimova has chosen a neutral gown of soft, silver-tinted gray. It is of broadcloth, and hangs loose and long. The sleeves of lace entirely cover her arms, and the gown fastens high about the neck. A soft, clinging gown would,

in Nazimova's theory, accent the personal, the intimate, hence the broadcloth, which represents Diana's striving after the conventional—but it falls apart to disclose an under-dress of warm, soft, quickly responsive crêpe de Chine, a symbol of the woman not yet entirely selfless.

In the third and last act she is still in gray, but a semi-evening gown, this time, of shimmering, changing velvet. The neck and sleeves are of lace with a tiny conventional rose pattern, and the gown, itself, unadorned, hangs straight from the shoulders to the feet. She is a mother now, nothing else. The physical side of her has been lost entirely; the gown does not touch or reveal her body anywhere. And it is in this gown that Diana Laska renounces the last little fragment of self, and gives up the daughter whose love, to her, has seemed the one wonderful thing worth striving for.

A fascinating theory, this, of self-expression in dress. It has endless possibilities, though to work out in words the emotional expression of each adornment of the body would take as big a book as to put in words all the emotions themselves. It's a big world, pitifully dumb, in most instances, but the language lies ready at hand. Why not take advantage of it?

Does Your gown express your soul?

THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 24]

"An American wife?"

"Any wife but the Princess, dear."

Virginia put her arms around his neck and kissed him, then she broke away and went across the room and stood there, beside the window, her lovely, slender figure outlined against the night. "I'm going, Rupert," she said tenderly. "Good-by—that was good-by—I can't marry you, dear, now nor ever!"

"Virginia!"

She shook from head to foot, but her voice was clear. "I can't let you do it, Rupert! You're a noble gentleman and a true knight. God keep you, God save the King!"

He knelt on one knee beside her, kissing her hands. "My queen!" he said. "You are my queen. What is the crown to me? It's only a hollow show, one man or another put up and pulled down to suit the Concert of Europe. This business of being king—I'd give it up twice over for love of you. Virginia—"

He was interrupted; a bugle note rang out. There was the sound of galloping horses, a troop of cavalry rode gaily past in the lighted avenue. Some one cheered

and then came a cry—eager, sweet, poignant—the voices of many people, of little children and women and brave men.

"The King, the King!" they cried.

Again Virginia laid her tender hands upon his shoulders. "They cry to you," said she; "they're yours, in the high place to which God has called you—these people, the women and the children, the old men and the sick and the helpless, yours to keep and to save; I can't rob them, Rupert, I never will!"

He rose to his feet and his face was as white as hers; he stood like a man in a dream but his hands held hers against his heart. Virginia laid her face against them and she prayed; she knew that he was brave and he was king, but he loved her as few men love a woman. It was for her to go.

"In honor and in faith, by your coronation oath, in good times and bad, you are the king!" she whispered softly. "Good-by, my love, good-by!" And she tore her hands away and ran out of the gallery, weeping. Behind her, she heard them shouting again: "God save the King!"

[Continued in February McCall's]



THE NEW PUNCHED WORK

Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 14

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

AS the new year rushes in with all its promises and good resolutions, let us tuck our fancy work bag under our arm and execute the first of our resolves in that direction. Now is the time for us to begin to do very much more with our embroidery, both as a means of instruction to ourselves and as a source of joy to others. Yes, I use the word "we", because I, too, am busy gathering new embroidery ideas—some new stitches, or, perhaps, an old stitch revived in a new way—something to give interest and variety to a piece of work.

As open work effects are just the thing at present, let us learn, this month, to apply an old stitch in a new way. The punched work stitch suggests itself, and affords just the needed lacy effect. It is now popularly used for fascinating little circles, diamonds, or, perhaps, a line of triangles on pillow-cases, towel-ends, or down the front of a shirt waist. So I have chosen Pillow-case No. 10451 for our lesson.

The little sprays in the design may be worked in several ways—in satin-stitch, eye-lets, or the Appenzell stitch. There are two or three different ways to work this stitch, but I will tell you of the very simplest one.

Thread a coarse embroidery needle with a number of strands of fine embroidery cotton, sufficient to completely cover the width of the petal. Knot the end of your thread, and insert your needle from the under side of the material, bringing it out at the base of a petal. Now take one long stitch over to the tip of the petal, pass your needle through the material, coming out on the under side and then up again at the base of the next petal. With your needle, or finger, flatten out your threads as each petal is completed, to give a good appearance to the work. You see that the Appenzell stitch is simply a satin-stitch taken lengthwise instead of crosswise. It has the advantage of being more quickly worked.

If desired, the stems to the sprays may be outlined with a medium-weight embroidery thread, and the centers of the flowers finished with French knots. After your sprays have been completed, you are ready to start the punched work.

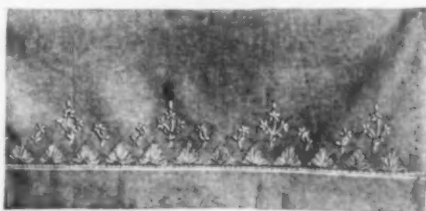
Thread a coarse punched-work needle with a medium-weight embroidery thread, the end of which tie securely to the eye. Insert your needle from the under side of the material up through the center of the base line of the triangle. Pull your thread through the material about two or three inches from the end; insert your needle on the extreme right of the base line, and then knot your thread securely on the back of the material, as you would in regular punched work. To proceed, bring your needle out again at the center of the base line. Now, take one long stitch over to the right, on the first slanting line, your needle passing under the material and once more out at the center of the base line ready for the next line. In this way, proceed right around the entire triangle.

On the completion of the last line, your needle will be on the base line at the extreme left. Do not work back to the center of the line as usual, but turn your work so the apex of the figure points toward you, and take a stitch under the material, bringing your needle out at the angle.

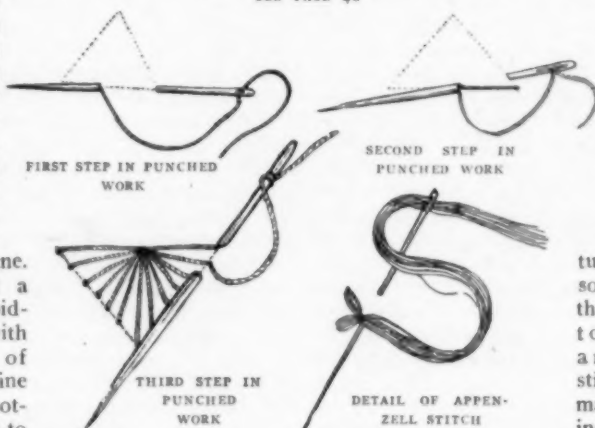
You are now working around the outside of the figure. Your needle is now in position, one line down from the base line, ready to work the second and last row of punched work, which will complete the sides of the triangle. The next step is a back stitch—one section covered on top of the material and two sections on the back of the material, so your needle will always come out a line down from where you started your back stitch.

In other words, insert your needle back on the base line, and, running your needle under the material, bring the point

[Concluded on page 81]



10451—PILLOW-CASE IN NEW PUNCHED WORK. SEE PAGE 48



The Comforts of Home

can be fully enjoyed only by those who are mentally and physically well—

Health first, pleasure follows.

Health of body and brain calls for proper food to repair the daily waste from work or play.

The everyday diet is often deficient in some of the essentials needed for balanced up-keep—such as phosphates for the brain, iron for the blood and lime for the bones.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

—made of prime wheat and malted barley—contains in easily digestible form, all the nutriment of the grains, including the vital mineral salts.

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A Blouse of Exceptional Beauty!



22M-26—Fetching Little Blouse, made of flowered Tub Silk (a mixture of silk and cotton) with silk Jacquard polka dots and floral sprays in charming colorings. The blouse has a graceful roll collar of embroidered white organdie, and displays a chic tie of moire ribbon around neck. The armholes and shoulders are finished with cording. Sleeves are full length, ending in turn-back cuffs of embroidered organdie to match collar. Fastens visibly in front with pearl buttons.

Sizes 32 to 44 bust. White with pink or light blue flowers.

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If You Keep House, Read This!



4M-27 Simple, Stylish, Becoming House or Porch Dress, easily slipped on and dressy enough for any woman to receive the unexpected visitor without embarrassment. Made of good quality crisp checked Gingham. The collar, vest and cuffs are of plain gingham to match color of check in goods. The vest and cuffs are outlined by white Swiss embroidery. Fastens with pearl buttons down front as pictured. The sleeves are three-quarter length. The skirt is made with a yoke effect and has a loose hanging tunic extending from yoke to below knee. The tunic is piped on the edge with plain gingham to match collar and cuffs. Skirt has a stitched plait down front. Dress comes in sizes 32 to 44 bust measure all skirt lengths 40 inches, finished with deep hem. Colors: white ground with trimming and check in pink, blue, lavender or black.

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THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

Labor-Saving Aids

By AGNES ATHOL

THE old saying, "penny-wise, pound-foolish", was never more correctly used than to describe the woman who will not purchase tools and equipment that will make her work in the home easier. Sometimes, she knows what excellent utensils and preparations are available, but thinks she cannot spare the money; more often she lacks information as to what is new, ingenious, and helpful in her particular field. But why should she? Every paper and magazine writes about, and every grocery, hardware, and department store contains many articles which would not only save her time and strength, but actually save her money—money for service, for replacements, for fuel, for extra food materials.

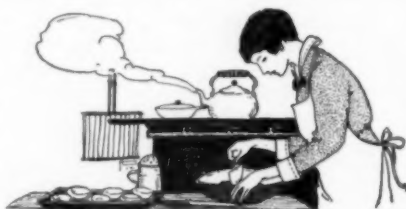
A great many of us have all or most of the housework to do. I have known what it was to be so tired out that I could not think at all, much less think of easier ways of accomplishing the tasks that had been so heavy for me.

Let me make this suggestion, therefore, to my reader who may be in the same state of mind: Begin by taking a brief rest, then give your whole, concentrated attention to the matter of making the housework lighter by introducing new implements or better methods. Think over some of your friend's kitchens and general household equipment. What have they that you lack, and what reason is there for your not having it? Ask the best housekeeper you know for a list of her kitchen things, and discover what items are not in your own inventory. Look over your magazines, and send for literature about some of the interesting newly manufactured articles; an inquiry does not commit you to purchasing anything you may not want.

I KEEP a package of post-cards on hand for just this purpose and I have a set of boxes with various labels into which I put the catalogues, folders, and leaflets as they come. A few large brown envelopes help to keep the information classified. One of my friends, who has the best arranged and best equipped house I have ever seen, goes through a period regularly which is called in fun by her husband "catalogue fever". When she decides that she needs a refrigerator, a fireless cooker, a washing-machine, a kitchen cabinet, or anything else in her home, she investigates as many makes as she can find out about, weighs the relative merits of each, and makes her selection.

Take any department of household labor as an illustration. How do you wash your dishes? There's a task that is done three times a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Do you use a drain basket with upright prongs, so that the dishes stand on edge and drain themselves after a scalding? Not only do you eliminate the labor of wiping them dry, but you reduce the number of tea-towels to be rinsed out. A little bicarbonate of soda in the water gives a clear look to the glass. Another help around the dishes is to have a small spray to attach to the hot-water tap, instead of lifting a heavy

teakettle over the drain basket when rinsing. Or, better still, perhaps you have a dish-washing machine? You can buy one as low as \$10. Remember, you would use it more than a thousand times a year. Less than a cent for each



IN THE COOKERY DOMAIN, HELPS INCLUDE EVERYTHING

time the first year—after that, no expense.

When pans are scorched, do you use a stiff wire whisk to get the burned food off the bottom? It helps a lot. And there are little patented scrapers and food stirrers worth investigation. A row of hooks back of the stove on which to hang such small utensils will save many steps. Boil up very badly burned enamel ware or greasy frying-pans with a teaspoonful of washing-soda in the water, or as much pure lye; but for aluminum never use an alkali—get oxalic acid crystals. These last two solvents must not be left around where the children can accidentally find them, however, for the lye burns and the acid is poisonous. Among solvents, let me remind you of the special preparations for disinfecting and flushing the toilet—there are several good ones.

OF COURSE, you stack your dishes and clear your table before you begin dish-washing. Have you a ten-cent, rubber-edged plate scraper which does not scratch or beat a tattoo on the china? Do you wear a rubber apron at the sink and the wash-board? Rubber bibs for the children will save washing. A great secret of saving labor, after all, is not to make extra work of any kind. We can get certain aids to help do faster what work there is, and then use our minds to keep down the amount to be done.

Do you use plenty of paper around your kitchen? Paper hand-towels, of course—the unsanitary roller towel is a thing of the past. Parchment paper by the roll is a great convenience. On it

[Concluded on page 57]



THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 56]

you can turn out cake or pie, catch meat from the chopper, vegetable and fruit parings. Use it to wrap articles in the ice-box. Slip a sheet of it in the gas-stove under the burners—it is not likely to catch fire, and will keep the drip pan sweet and clean. Paper doilies and napkins for family lunches, to say nothing of paper plates with parchment linings, will save washing both china and linen. Be sure to have a trash burner if you use much paper. It is an invertible wire basket with a lid, which can be carried to a corner of the yard, inverted, and set fire to with no litter whatever.

Every one seems to think of labor-saving devices in terms of the big and somewhat expensive apparatus, which, however desirable, is finally passed by with an expressive sigh. But, as a matter of fact, the real labor-savers are the little ten- or twenty-five-cent, or perhaps dollar articles which can be bought with candy-and-soda money. For instance, one of the most useful tools I possess is a radiator brush—a long, thin, flat affair costing fifteen cents. Another is a ten-cent vegetable scrub brush; a third is a tiny brush for cleaning such things as parts of a coffee percolator, the cheese grater, or food-chopper. Twenty-five cents provides me with a window chamois, or a chemically treated duster. For from twenty-five cents to a dollar, according to size, I can purchase a bottle of material, especially fine, for treating my own dust-cloths. For a dollar and a half I can get a large bottle of this liquid, and also a special mop to apply it to my floors—an outfit which one woman I know used for nine months before she had to get more of the liquid. The pastes, powders, and prepared cloths for cleaning glass and silver are innumerable. One has only to sample continually, especially trying the new products as they appear.

HOW do you sweep? Do you still cling to the old-fashioned corn broom, stooping with your dust-pan and brush, or have you improved so far as to use one of the vacuum or suction sweepers that come half-way between the carpet-sweeper and the entirely modern electric vacuum cleaner? At least you ought to try a long-handled dust-pan and a long, soft broom for your hardwood floors, going over them afterward with a broom bag, or with one of the different shaped chemically treated mops for dusting woodwork.



Three good rules to follow are these: Choose only such labor-savers as are in themselves easy to keep clean; pay a trifle more, if necessary, for good, durable material and the name of a reliable manufacturer; buy duplicates of such utensils as will be used on different floors. This is but a new way of stating the old adage, "Let your head save your heels". Two dust-pans, dust-brushes, dusters, and other cleaners are a positive economy. A waste-basket in

every room is a necessity. Window, porcelain, and mirror cleansers should be in the bathroom, as well as in the kitchen. If much dressmaking is done at home, it pays to have an electric or self-heating iron and an extra ironing-board in the sewing room. A child's ten-cent wash-board in the bathroom will assist the members of the family who like to wash their silk hose personally. The appliances that lighten the actual laundry work range from various types of washing-machines to preparations for whitening the clothes. Bleaches and alkalis that affect the fabrics are to be avoided; but there are many reliable soaps, ammonias, wash-powders, and liquids of which the chief recommendation is the maker's name. I can never emphasize too strongly the fact that when a manufacturer has spent thousands of dollars familiarizing the public with his product and its qualities, he must always keep the article up to its original standard. Unknown products carry no such guarantee of dependability.

IN the domain of cookery, the helps include everything from casseroles, which combine the cooking and serving utensil, to the steam-cooker, which produces three foods at once over one gas flame. In each family, the cooking needs are a little different, but here are some suggestions:

Have you an oven thermometer, also one for preserving? A bread-mixer, a potato-baker, a one-egg egg-beater, a mayonnaise-mixer? A set of different-sized strainers is a positive luxury; a double roasting-pan means meat economy. A stand for the jelly bag is a boon all summer—and you will find it a help if you want to make your sour milk into Dutch cheese. But I could continue indefinitely to mention unusual and helpful kitchen appliances I have tried out! May these suggestions set you experimenting for yourselves, investigating every advertised article, and posting yourselves thoroughly.



*There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He fed his children Eagle Brand—
They won the Baby Prize!*

Among the ancients the highest praise that could be given a country was that it produced an abundance of milk. Hence the proverbial Biblical phrase, "a land flowing with milk and honey." And until 1857 good milk was only available in places close to dairies and rich pasture lands.

Have you ever realized what a debt of gratitude mothers everywhere owe to the inventor of

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

which makes it possible for babies everywhere to have pure milk in any quantity and at any time?

Not only as a safe and satisfactory substitute when mother's milk fails, but as an emergency food when traveling, or when a change of diet is necessary, Eagle Brand, the *original* condensed milk, has stood the test of generations of use. Our little book, "Baby's Welfare," will tell you why more babies are fed today on Eagle Brand than on any other food, mother's milk alone excepted.

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"Leaders of Quality"

ESTABLISHED 1857

New York



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Spend two little minutes a day now and avoid years of regret later. Use the delicious

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TRADE **RIBBON** MARK

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Regular care of the teeth is necessary—and it pays over and over in better teeth to chew with, better digestion and better health. Ribbon Dental Cream is convenient and economical to use—it "comes out a ribbon—lies flat on the brush." It is so delicious in flavor that daily care is a pleasure.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 1—199 Fulton St., N.Y.
Makers of Cashmere
Toilet Soap—Luxur-
tous, lasting, refined



Send this coupon with 4c in stamps and we will mail you a trial tube and our booklet "Colgate Comforts."

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We will gladly send free our latest booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy," because we want every woman to see just how many different styles of dress forms we have invented and how marvelously they reproduce your figure. We want you to know why all the big pattern companies and the leading fashion magazines endorse the

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Get this book and see what the Hall-Borchert means to other people. Examine all the different models; see how little they cost, and how easily you can get the form which solves your dressmaking problems—the forms the best dressmakers use. Write for this book NOW and read all about them.

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Dept. A, 144 Tremont St., BOSTON



When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

CELLAR CONVENIENCES

By MARY HAMILTON TALBOTT

THE cellar is either one of the blessings of the home or its menace.

If it is a hodge-podge of disorder, it can never be kept in sanitary condition, and, besides, the housewife who must be eternally pulling and moving the things that are "always in the way" has forced upon her many an hour of unnecessary weariness. Though most of us cannot have the ideal cellar, there are many conveniences which can be made easily by the man of the house or the son who can use a hammer and saw. So, no cellar need appear like a junk-shop of boxes, trunks, barrels, vegetables, pickle crocks, household supplies, rakes, and shovels.

Shelves and shelving are important factors in every cellar; and, whether they are attached to the side-walls or hung from the beams, they make very convenient places for storing the numerous articles which are necessarily consigned to this part of the house.

Drop-hangers, which are nothing more than the framework by which hanging shelves are suspended from the beams, will keep off the floor, and in a place where they may be readily found, the long poles, pipes, awning-rods, rolled-up porch screens, or blinds, rakes, spades, and various other things which find their way into the cellar at different seasons. If several drop-hangers are placed four or five feet apart, they will accommodate long and short poles and rods; and, if the cellar is sufficiently deep to permit, a second cross-rail may be used to afford greater storage room.

WITH a drop-hanger foundation, boards may be laid across, and shelves made that will be convenient for a number of things advisable to keep off the floor. These may be any width or length; a most convenient size is six or eight feet long and about two feet wide. Objects on them can be reached from both sides with little difficulty, and it is not hard to clean shelves of this width.

If kept in a closed barrel or in a pile on the floor for any length of time, pota-

toes will either rot or sprout, owing to sweating, which takes place on account of lack of ventilation. A good bin for them can be made easily from four boards ten inches wide and three feet long; four pieces of joist twenty-four inches long; and some rails an inch thick and two inches wide. This will hold a barrelful, but the proportions may be regulated according to the quantity of potatoes to be kept. The boards should be nailed securely to the joists, to form a square, which should then be inverted so that the rails may be nailed across the ends resting on boards at opposite sides. To make the ends more secure, a rail must be nailed to the joists underneath the bottom slats and, in turn, to the bottom of each slat. Inch spaces should be left between rails for ventilation. All receptacles for vegetables should be open at the bottom, so that the air may reach the entire contents.

A VERY convenient bin, in which miscellaneous vegetables may be kept, and that will not only aid in their preservation but improve the appearance of the

cellar, can be made about six feet long and twenty inches wide. Use joists for the corner posts, to which attach the ends and front boards with wire nails. For the bottom

use rails an inch thick and two inches wide, keeping inch spaces between them. Each division board should rest on them and be nailed to them for additional strength. Compartments can be

made by inserting division boards between the wall and the front side, eighteen inches apart. The bottom of this bin should be at least sixteen inches above the floor, in order to provide ample ventilation and avoid dampness; and the front board should be about twelve inches wide, and the division boards twenty-four inches high. An eight-inch board as long as the bin, fastened along the top, will make a good place to put pumpkins, squash, cabbage, cauliflower, and the like; they soon spot and decay if left on the floor.

If a storage rack for trunks and boxes is built in the driest corner of the cellar, the circulation of dry air will keep their

[Concluded on page 59]



A SAFE PLACE FOR THE TEMPTING JAM-POTS

CELLAR CONVENIENCES

[Continued from page 58]

contents free from mold. The uprights may be of two-by-four-inch joists with one-by-two-inch cleats for shelves. The width between shelves may vary according to the needs of the housewife.

A most excellent moth-proof box for storing winter clothing can be made at home, if a cedar chest is impossible because of cost. Make a wooden box four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep, having a lid with three pairs of hinges which can be hooked down firmly when closed. Inside, on the bottom, sides, and lid, tar-paper should be tacked carefully. Over this, put unbleached muslin, so that no garment will come in contact with the tar-paper. Every article should be well brushed and aired before being put away, to make sure that no moths are in it, or other precautions are useless.

A convenient rack for storing screens and storm-shutters, can be built under the stairs, with a slot for every window in the house. Go through the rooms and mark each window under the sill, placing a corresponding mark on rack. For instance, "LR I, II, III", will mean "Living-room, first, second, and third windows", and so on.

In a house where servants, children, and the tradespeople are passing in and out of a cellar, it is sometimes difficult to keep jams, jellies, and preserves from mysteriously disappearing. A place safe from pilfering can be made from an ordinary box frame, with several shelves added, the front formed of two outward-swinging doors of slats an inch thick and two inches wide. These should be put together with clinch-nails, or screws, from the inside, so they cannot be removed and replaced, and the strap hinges should be put on with tire-bolts, so that the nuts are on the inside and beyond the reach of a meddlesome wrench. When finished, this wall-safe can be securely attached to the wall with large nails or spikes.

Big porch-chairs are a comfort in summer, but winter storage is frequently a problem. A good plan is to hang them upside down from the cellar beams. This may be done easily by employing broom-sticks or curtain poles and strips of stout sheet-iron or tin bent to form straps and screwed to the lower edge of the beams. The pole or stick may then be passed

under the rockers and through the metal straps. The furniture is then out of the way for the season.

Several nails or hooks close to the furnace on which to hang the broom, the shovel, and the long-handled poker are convenient and, at the same time, add much to the neatness of the cellar, where, particularly, everything should be in its place.

A HOME-MADE sifter for separating unburned coal from anthracite ashes has shown, by careful measuring, that the saving of fuel effected was equal to twenty-five per cent. of the coal burned. Make a long, shallow, and rather narrow box, having a guard two inches high at

upper end and on each side, with lower end open and a small flat board at under side to serve as a spout. Have for the bottom of box half-inch mesh galvanized woven-wire netting. Support box on two horses, one slightly higher than the other, to give a gentle slope. To upper edge on each side of guard, tack a burlap curtain that reaches to floor. Each morning before any live coals have been shaken down, so there may be no danger of fire,

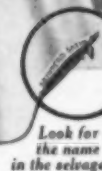
pile the fresh ashes in the sifter in a thin layer, and leave for twenty-four hours to cool and to absorb moisture from the air, which they will do very rapidly. Next morning, the cool and slightly damp ashes should be gently stirred with a shovel. The fine ashes will fall through the netting, and the screened coal slide off into a bucket placed to receive it. What little dust rises is shut in by the curtain.

All water-pipe stop-cocks should be labeled, so that, in case of an accident, there will be no difficulty in turning off the right one quickly. Write plainly on baggage tags: "Cold water in kitchen", or "Hot water in pantry", and tie on the pipes by the stop-cocks. Also, fasten to the wall near the water- and gas-meters full directions for turning off the supply of water and gas from the entire house, in case of emergency.

If you would devote just a little time and money to your cellar, surprising results, not only in convenience, but in the health of your family, would reward you.



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The Satin that has Served Women Best for 67 Years

Since 1848, millions of wearers of cloaks, suits and furs have prided themselves on the rich lustre and wonderful wearing quality of

Skinner's Satin

Insist on the genuine Skinner's Satin. Look for the name in the selva before you buy the garment. The salesgirl will gladly show you the selva—if the satin is Skinner's.

Skinner's Satin is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not, send the garment to any of our stores and we will reline it free of expense.

Write for Samples to Dept. K

Wm. Skinner & Sons

Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.



"Look for the Name in the Selva"



**Would you have the
complexion of childhood,
winter and summer?**

Would you keep that clear, smooth, fine-textured skin free from roughness or unsightly redness and chapping while enjoying outdoor life in any climate? This is not only possible, but easy and agreeable in its accomplishment when

**Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream**

Guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.

is used—just a little before and after exposure to the weather, also on retiring and again in the morning. It will soothe and soften the skin, it will freshen and invigorate, yet never injure the most delicate complexion.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c. Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

**Samples will be sent for
2c stamp to pay postage**

A. S. HINDS

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You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial, see postpaid. No samples.



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Adjustable
Cabinet
Collapsible
Dress Form**

Once Adjusted It Becomes You
By a simple turn of the wheels at the top it adjusts independently and accurately at the neck, shoulders, bust, waist, hips and skirt to any woman's size, style and shape.

Collapses into its Cabinet
When not in use, by a simple twist of the frame it can be collapsed and put out of sight in any one of our special designed wooden cabinets, made to fit the form. It costs no more than the old style upright form that cannot be collapsed.

Write to-day for prices and catalogue.
Ellanor Adjustable Dress Form Co.
Suite 626, 500 Fifth Ave., New York
Suite 736, 2915 So. La Salle St., Chicago
Canadian Office, Smith Falls, Ont.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S



BIRDS OF PASSAGE

[Continued from page 10]

"And—see here! Suppose a fellow asked you to marry him. Not a fellow like me, I mean, but some one clever, or rich, or with a good position. Perhaps you might take him and it might be all right. But suppose, instead, another kind of chap asked you; a fellow who hadn't anything to offer, but who thought a lot of you. You could make him what you wanted to, perhaps. It would be more credit to you in a way, wouldn't it? He'd become the kind of man you liked. You see that, don't you?"

"I—don't know," whispered Hilda.

"If that chap couldn't ask you—but if he could—if he can—oh, confound it," cried poor Phil. "You're not going away for a few days yet, are you?"

"Why, no," said Hilda, wondering.

"In a few days, or it might be only a day or two. I'll see you again in a day or two," stammered Philip, and rushed into the hotel to the telegraph-office where he sent off the first of a series of telegrams.

Night letter to Mr. Joshua Fearon, Water Street, New York City.

Is offer in warehouse still open? Would come at once and work three months for nothing. After that would work overtime if you would pay me a salary. Wire reply.

PHILIP FEARON

Night letter [Collect] to Mr. Philip Fearon, Riveredge, Florida.

Do you think you could stick? Don't need rolling stones.

JOSHUA FEARON

Day message [Rush] to Mr. Joshua Fearon, Water Street, New York City.

I'll stick all right. I want to get married. For pity's sake, say yes.

P. FEARON

Night letter [Paid] to Mr. P. Fearon, Riveredge, Florida.

Report for duty, Monday the 16th.

JOSHUA FEARON

Hilda, coming down to breakfast the next morning, found a determined-looking young man waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, holding a yellow envelope.

He held out his hand and she laid hers in it unhesitatingly. "Come outside, please," he said quietly, and she followed him.

In a narrow path near the river he stopped and faced her. "Hilda, my uncle will give me a position. I shall have to work three months for nothing. After that I shall have a salary. Not much at first, perhaps, but he promised once before to advance me if I came. When I can make a hundred dollars a month, will you marry me?"

Hilda clasped her hands and the tears rose to her eyes. "Oh, Phil; yes, I will, I will."

"And Hilda, may I kiss you now?"

But when he had kissed her a sudden wave of dread swept over Hilda. "Your mother," she cried. "What shall we do about her? My mother has father, but yours is all alone. You won't ever be able to leave her."

"I know," he said. "But I've got to leave her, Hilda. My mother is pretty well off, but I'm not going to let her support me any longer. She has meant to be a good mother and has loved me and all that. Indeed, she has loved me too much, I guess; but loving people isn't enough. One ought to have sense, too. Even if you wouldn't marry me, I'd have to quit. I can't keep on with this life any longer. Besides, I have it!" he cried enthusiastically. "She can go to Bermuda with your father and mother! She'd like that. They really like each other and will probably enjoy themselves much more without us."

"Why, so she can!" cried Hilda. "And Phil, can't we live in the country, and have chickens and an apple tree? I have three hundred dollars a year that I won't need any more for my linen chest. Wouldn't that pay the rent?"

"Perhaps it would, but we're not going to take your money, Hilda. I'll sell father's stamp collection. He left it to me. I hate collections, anyway. What good are they? It's worth a few thousand; perhaps enough to buy a little house. And there is great-grandfather's portrait by Gilbert Stuart. That's mine, and it ought to bring a good deal."

"Oh, but Phil, dear! You mustn't sell your great-grandfather!" cried Hilda scandalized. "And, of course, you must use my money. It wouldn't be nice if you didn't. What we have, we'll have together, don't you see?"

And suddenly Philip saw. The life that they were to live was not to be his life, and not to be Hilda's, but a life together. He laid down his boyish pride and his boyish shame as a first sacrifice on that common altar.

"As you please," he said humbly. "No, we won't sell great-grandfather if you don't want to. After all, he'll be your great-grandfather. We'll take him out of storage and hang him up, won't we? And we'll have a home for him and for us—together. Hilda! Oh!" He stooped, suddenly speechless, and kissed a fold of Hilda's dress.

But Hilda laughed happily. "I shall carry daisies when I get married," said she. "The kind I used to pick when I was a little girl. I don't want any orange blossoms. I hate the sight of them."



HAVING NERVES

[Continued from page 27]

It was as if the earth had collapsed under me. Harvey ill! Never had he been ill before. I left the house and children in charge of Miss Riker, a dear old twittering spinster, and took the first train.

I'd rather not talk about the weeks that followed. Inch by inch Harvey crept back from that perilous borderland where he lingered so long. So black were many of the days, so despairing, that I'm glad to blot them out.

But in the end came a wonderful evening. He called it "our elopement".

The doctors wouldn't let him go back to work till he had had a month's vacation, and they ordered him to Colorado. I proposed going home and letting a nurse accompany him, but he wouldn't listen; he must have his wife. So I gave in. It was really wonderful how well Miss Riker was filling my place, according to letters. I confess it was hardly a flattering thought, but it gave me freedom.

And so it came to pass that Harvey and I had a wonderful, brilliant autumn month in the life-giving air of the Rocky Mountains, with nothing to do but sight-see, drive, and even take exciting trips on those sinful little burros. It was a play-month, a real vacation in the very fullest sense of the word.

"Your husband must have not only a rest, now," the doctor had said to me, "but recreation all along, after he goes back to work. Coax him to go to entertainments, keep a cheerful atmosphere, play with him. I warn you, he mustn't break down again!"

All the times I had refused to "play with" Harvey came rushing in upon me then; gloomy insistence upon drudgery, my weary, agonizing nerves. Weary and agonizing to Harvey, I realized, now; over-strain had broken him, while all along I had thought myself the sufferer!

To be sure, I had worked hard; but at the bottom of the whole trouble was that wicked pronoun, "I".

It was as we drove home from the train, through the keen air, pungent with autumn leaves, that I said something to him, as shamefacedly as a naughty child. "Harvey," I told him, "nerves are over."

And it was true. Oh, the cure wasn't effected in a minute; but I was on the right road at last. After the first shock, which had shown me the self-ness of my condition, I had gradually come to a resolution. The month of rest had swept away mental cobwebs and given me strength to carry it out.

I readjusted both myself and my conditions. First, I found that I could cut down my work tremendously by not thinking it over and over. When my mind was clear in the morning, I made a program of the day's duties on a little slate. This hung in the kitchen. As soon as one task was completed, I wiped it out and forgot it. No use thinking it over and worrying for fear I had not done right. "Forgetting those things which are behind—" you know. Nor did I anticipate those ahead. Thus, if "Iron lace collars" came next, I merely ironed, not once letting my mind rove to the appalling list beyond. Why, we all know how foolish was the little clock that counted all the ticks

it would have to tick in the future, till it gave out completely!

Next, I forced myself to take an hour and a half, from twelve-thirty to two, for luncheon and rest. I locked my mind's gates and kept out work and worries during that time. I ate a light, nourishing luncheon slowly.

In the evening, I behaved like a hostess at my dinner table, making a point of being as entertaining as I could for the family's sake; then I did no further work except to wash quickly the dinner dishes. After that, Harvey and I "played". I even took

Saturday afternoons off for him. And the wonderful thing about it all is, that I was so much less tired that I accomplished far more while at work; so there was no loss of time.

It may sound old-fashioned to "count your blessings", but this was the way I cured my insomnia. I made myself fall asleep every night, saying, "A splendid husband, loving children, a new carriage horse, an exquisite garden, an excellent digestion"—you try it yourself!

At first I had some dreadful struggles not to fly to pieces and cry. But whenever I felt it coming on, I went to my own south window and looked out over the creek flowing evenly by between willows—it was a trick I stumbled on. I made myself stand there quietly, looking at the water, relaxing my body, and taking long, quiet breaths as I could imagine the creek doing; the storm had passed!

Magically my old self came back. My tasks were hard, but I had strength for them. Little by little my sick nerves have healed. And Harvey is a well man.

And by the way, the next time "the twentieth" came, Harvey and I—oh, we're foolish and middle-aged-sters, aren't we?—but, anyway, we took that walk!



It will help you, too.

OUR thirty-six page indexed manual—"THE HAIR AND SCALP—MODERN CARE AND TREATMENT" (revised edition—with charts) will be mailed free on request.

This manual was prepared to answer the thousand and one welcome questions asked us in the past forty-two years by the users of Packer's Tar Soap. It covers the subject thoroughly and authoritatively.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
Suite 86D, 81 Fulton St., New York

**Packer's
Tar Soap**

(Pure as the Pines)

A Mellin's Food Boy.



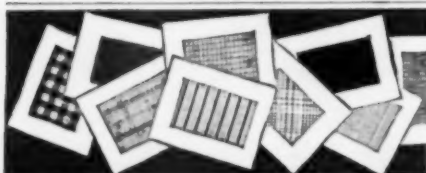
ROBERT OLSON BETTIS SHERIDAN, WYOMING.

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Mellin's Food
Method of
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is doing for babies?

Send today for a sample

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WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of **Shirt Waist and Suit Materials, Handkerchiefs, etc.** This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Samples FREE. Mitchell & Church Co., 291 Water St., Binghamton, N.Y.

AGENTS—MAKE \$100 to \$300



per month easy selling our new **Triplicate Sauce Pan.** Cooking utensil for 3 different foods on one burner. **400 Specialties—all Washable.** Write quick for exclusive territory and large catalogue. **AMERICAN ALUMINUM MFG. CO., Div. S 24** Lemont, Ill.

THE FOOD-GRINDER

By LOLA MARTIN BURGOYNE

DAY by day we see the necessities of life increase in price. On the foreheads of those in moderate circumstances are appearing worry wrinkles due to trying to stretch the ends of their incomes, that they may be induced to meet.

House rent, fuel, and light are usually fixed (although it is surprising how these may be lowered when one is determined to economize), but the average wife and mother is chiefly concerned with the price of foodstuffs and the problem of trying to lower her grocery and butcher bills, and still give her family nourishing, well-balanced meals.

There is a little labor-saving device that assists in this to a surprising degree. The food-grinder has won a prominent place for itself in many a thoughtful woman's kitchen, but it is surprising how many homes are without it. Some go on using the antiquated chopping-knife and bowl, wasting time and patience, and, often, food. Chopping with cumbersome utensils is such a task that food that would go far in making a nourishing meal frequently finds its way to the garbage can, without the waste being considered.

Women may argue that they cannot afford this labor-saving device, and go on in the old way, not realizing that each year they throw out enough food to pay for a grinder many times over.

The cheaper cuts of meat may be made most palatable with the aid of the grinder. It helps, too, to break the eternal monotony of steaks, roasts, and stews, and to provide dainty nourishing dishes for luncheon. After all, it is the woman who varies her menus and tries new receipts who keeps up her interest in her work.

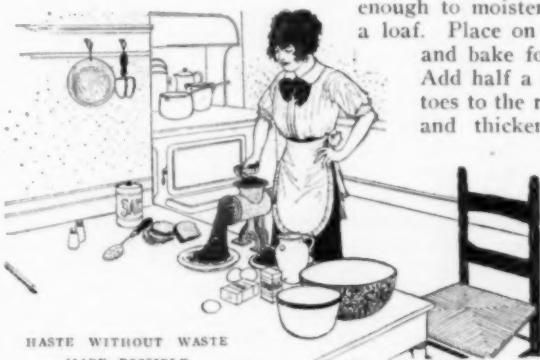
A food-grinder is really quite inexpensive; one may be bought for \$1.25, or sometimes less at sales. If you haven't one, save your pennies, buy one the first chance you have, and proceed to try the following receipts. There will be three benefits from your purchase: your interest in cooking will be awakened, the family appetite will respond to the new dishes, and the grocery and meat bills will be lowered.

Ox-tails are not used nearly as much as they should be. They make the best

of soup and the meat may be used in numerous ways for savory dishes. Some of the following receipts will tell you how.

OX-TAIL SOUP.—Cut an ox-tail at the joints after having wiped it carefully with a damp cloth. Few people are careful enough in cleaning the meat when it comes from the butcher's. Put the joints in cold water with half a cupful of barley. Bring to a boil, and season with salt and pepper. Either put it into the fireless cooker or lower the heat so it will just simmer for several hours until very tender. Remove the joints and a cupful of strained stock. The remainder should have diced carrots, onions, and a little cabbage or celery added to it and be served as soup. It is rich and nourishing.

OX-TAIL LOAF.—Remove all the meat from the joints which were stewed for soup, and put it through the grinder with a small onion, using a medium knife. Change to a fine knife, and run stale, dry bread through the grinder till you have a small cupful of crumbs. Mix with the meat, and add one beaten egg, half a teaspoonful of savory, and stock enough to moisten and form into a loaf. Place on a buttered pan, and bake for half an hour. Add half a cupful of tomatoes to the rest of the stock, and thicken with a little flour. Serve this very hot with the loaf.



HASTE WITHOUT WASTE
MADE POSSIBLE

**M E A T
T U R N O V E R S .**—Scraps of meat, too small or unsightly to use otherwise,

may reappear in dainty little turnovers at luncheon or supper. Put the meat through the grinder with a small piece of onion. The remains of a roast, or the tough end of a steak will do. A little ham added is an improvement to the flavor of most meats. Season with salt, pepper, and a little parsley. Make pie-crust, roll, and cut into rounds the size of a large saucer. Place a spoonful of the prepared meat over half; moisten the edges of the dough with water, and fold over, pressing the edges together tightly. Prick with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven till brown. Serve hot or cold.

SPANISH BEEF.—Free one green pepper from seeds, and put it through the grinder with two pounds of neck of beef and a peeled onion. Add one cupful of

[Continued on page 63]



THE FOOD-GRINDER

[Continued from page 62]

bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of parsley (use the grinder for these, also), one tablespoonful of tomato catchup, and stock or milk to moisten. Shape into a loaf, lay on a buttered tin, and strain over it a quart of stewed tomatoes. Put four strips of bacon on top, and bake for one hour, basting with the sauce.

INDIVIDUAL MEAT PIES.—The end of a steak, or scraps of chicken may be utilized in a dainty dish that is always liked. Put the meat through the grinder, adding a small piece of onion. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add a level tablespoonful of flour, and stir till smooth. Add slowly, stirring constantly, one cupful of milk, and cook till thick. Season the prepared meat with salt and pepper, and a little chopped parsley, and add to sauce. Make pie paste and line gem-pans. Bake till a delicate brown, then fill with the creamed meat. Place a sprig of parsley on each, and serve with baked potatoes.

BOBOTE.—Grind sufficient left-over meat to make one pint. Add half a cupful of bread-crumbs, twenty-four almonds blanched and chopped fine, one teaspoonful of curry-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of stock or milk, and one well-beaten egg. Butter a pie-dish, and pour over it a tablespoonful of lemon-juice; turn in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Oranges and grapefruit for marmalade may be run through the grinder, with



MEAT LEFT-OVERS ARE QUICKLY GROUND FOR A BAKED LOAF

a medium knife in use. The ground fruit may not look as nice as when it is sliced, but the marmalade tastes just as well, and there is quite a saving in time and energy to the busy woman. Plum jam is much improved if the plums are run through the grinder after being pitted. It slices the skins, which in some varieties are inclined to be tough and hard to digest, and makes the jam smooth.

If apples for marmalade or jelly are put through the food-grinder, they require less time for boiling, and more juice is extracted. Apples, raisins, suet, and peel may be run through the grinder, and made into mince-meat in half an hour, instead of by the long process formerly employed.

[Concluded on page 65]

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THE SOCIETY OF ALLIGATORS

[Continued from page 13]

Beryl turned on the young critic of herself. "Who made you my mentor?" she demanded crisply. "Can't I be figurative if I want to?"

"You'd better go to bed," suggested Mrs. Black, turning toward the window-seat. "You're both tired."

"I wonder," she added thoughtfully, after the two children left the room, "I wonder what is the matter with them."

"Ilse," said Patty Ann slowly when she finished her prayers, "they don't understand what real truth is—not even Mother!"

With that they crept into bed—two little misunderstood members of the Society of Alligators.

Sunday, Patty Ann and Ilse rose early, and from the contents of the old teapot in the library, drank in fresh courage "for the Promulgashun of Truth in ourselves, in Father and Mother, in all the Girls."

The elder girls slept until noon, thereby missing the sharp set-to at breakfast when Patty Ann revealed the true reason of the twin's tardiness.

"Tell-tale!" gleamed in two pairs of eyes.

The Apostles of Truth flushed, and in their efforts to vindicate themselves floundered on to matters personal.

"You're just busy-bodies!" finally burst out the twins, "and meddlers!"

The more the apostles were ostracized, the more they fingered reverently their symbols of the Crusade; knights were they of an almost lost cause.

At supper, Professor Black interrupted an argument between Ilse and the twins.

"Don't stick your arms out, Ilse, in that awkward washer-woman style," he reproved. "Why are you always crossing your fingers so?"

Silence.

"Stop doing it!"

The martyrs were motionless.

In the evening, they went to church with the family, but shocked old Mr. Robinson, the pastor, as he shook hands at the door.

"You told a falsehood about old Mr. Johns," said Patty Ann bluntly. "Everybody knows he was a grouch and a miser!"

"My child," began Mr. Robinson kindly. "when you are as old as I am, you will know when not to tell the whole truth."

"Humph!" sniffed Patty Ann to Ilse as Mrs. Black hurriedly intervened. "He's a minister and doesn't stand up for the Ten Commandments."

Monday was wash-day and Annie was in a bad humor. At breakfast she flounced in and out, setting down the food.

"The cream, Annie," reminded Mrs. Black. "And the shredded wheat."

The brawny Irish girl brought them in with such a look of disgust that Pro-

fessor Black said teasingly: "Joe better not stay after ten o'clock, Annie!"

"Shure, an' he left by tin o'clock," snapped out Annie.

She was a good servant, with a heart of gold, but had her tantrums, and she would not stand contradiction.

Patty Ann looked at Ilse, Ilse at Patty Ann, then both turned accusingly on Annie.

"What be ye starin' at?" she asked.

"Joe was saying good night at eleven o'clock!" said Patty Ann impressively.

"It's true!" corroborated Ilse. "I saw him kiss you."

"Ye call me a li-ar?" exploded Annie. "I'll be lavin', so I will!" And good faithful Annie swept out of the room.

"It is about time this ended," began the father emphatically. "What do you mean by doubting Annie's word?"

"Have you no tact, children?" breathed the mother. Then she demanded, in a tone seldom used with her brood:

"What do you mean by this mad pursuit of truth?"

The two miscreants burst into tears. "It's in the teapot," sobbed Patty Ann, "in—the—library."

"Go to your room!" said their father.

Two little girls wept stoutly up the stairs, while their mother returned from the library with the teapot in her hand.

A crisis impended. It was only a crumpled piece of foolscap, but the mother smoothed it out; then read aloud the Constitution and Articles of the society for the "promulgashun of truth". Be it said to the eternal credit of the family that nobody laughed.

Annie entered the room with a face still red from indignation.

"I'm lavin'!" she said. Her hat and coat were on. "I'll go to me brother's."

"Annie," began Mrs. Black gently, "Patty Ann and Ilse have been trying to reform the whole family. It's all right about Joe. We don't want you to leave, and you—you don't want to go, do you? What would we all do?"

And she put the crumpled paper in Annie's hand.

The family watched, too distressed to smile. Finally, Annie's eyes twinkled.

"The little rascals," she ejaculated, "a-trying to reform even the Professor!" Then she made for the door. "I'll see where they air!"

In the front bedroom she found the Society of Alligators dissolved in tears.

"And there's one thing," concluded Annie, as she led the two Apostles back to breakfast; "the good Lord sets as much store by kindness as He does by truth, and don't you forget it!" She nodded her head sagely. "There's nothin' in this world perfect—not even Truth."



THE FOOD-GRINDER

[Continued from page 63]

Here is a receipt for carrot pudding, which many prefer to plum-pudding, as it is not nearly so rich and may be indulged in without bad effects:

CARROT PUDDING.—Put through a grinder one cupful each of carrots, potatoes, and suet, the finest knife being used. Add half a cupful of brown sugar, one and a half cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of mixed spices; one cupful each of currants and raisins, a pinch of salt, mixed peel, and nuts as desired. Mix well and boil or steam for three hours. Serve with hard sauce.

DATE PUDDING.—Using the finest knife, run enough dry bread through the grinder to make two cupfuls of crumbs. Change to a coarse knife, and grind two cupfuls



STEAMED PUDDINGS ARE EASILY PREPARED IF A GRINDER IS USED

of pitted dates, and one and a half cupfuls of suet. Mix with the crumbs and add half a cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Moisten with two eggs beaten in a little milk, put into a buttered mold, and steam for three hours. Figs may be substituted for the dates in this receipt. Use the cooking variety, and soak overnight in cold water to obtain the best results.

Grated cheese is called for in many dishes, but cheese may be run through the grinder much more quickly than it can be grated, and with a great saving of fingers. Another benefit is that every scrap of cheese may be easily used.

MACARONI AND CHEESE.—Break macaroni in inch-lengths and drop into boiling salt water. Boil till tender (about twenty minutes will be sufficient), then drain. Butter a baking-dish and put in a layer of macaroni. Sprinkle thickly with cheese which has been put through the grinder; season with salt and a little paprika; add another layer of macaroni and then cheese, and repeat till the dish is full, having cheese on top. Mix one teaspoonful of mustard in a little milk till smooth; add one cupful of milk, and pour over macaroni. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Strained tomatoes may be substituted for the milk if desired.



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THAT NOTE OF THANKS

By VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

THE sweetest part of all is yet to come," once said a cheery little invalid just after Christmas. I, myself, was feeling rather the worse for the festivities, so could only stare gloomily as I questioned:

"And what, pray, is that?" I was not quite pessimistic enough to suggest, "The bills?" although I admit I thought of, and really had to restrain it.

"The notes of thanks," answered my friend, "for, after all, the gifts are nothing but the symbol of the love that goes with them, and the little notes bring love in return, so, you see, are very important things."

At first I did not see; but her words set me to thinking. How many times had I complained at having to write those notes of thanks! Of course, I had felt real gratitude toward the friends who had remembered me, but in my impatience at the petty annoyance of having to write a number of notes, I lost, for the nonce, the finer feeling.

That was three years ago—I have seen to it, since then, that my "thank-you" notes express my real, sincere feeling.

The first and most important thing is to make your acknowledgments promptly. Any one who has remembered you with a gift should be shown the courtesy of an immediate expression of your appreciation by note, and, written at the proper time, it will be informal, more personal, and straight from the heart, which is just what a Christmas note of thanks should be. If you wait for a convenient season, it will be stamped with conventionality. Letters have a way of conveying meanings other than those implied in the written word, and acknowledgments not sent in the right spirit may be effusive in words, but back of these proclaim, "This disposes of a disagreeable duty." Be sure your words ring true.

EXPRESSING thanks in person or by telephone does not relieve the obligation of a written note. You cannot be prompt with this if your desk lacks supplies, so it is best to provide these before the frantic period of shopping begins. White or cream heavy paper, either satin or vellum finish, is considered to be in the best taste. White correspondence cards, with a small monogram at the left, or the address in small letters, in gray, blue, or black, at the right, are correct and convenient for social notes, but for this purpose post cards of any



sort are excluded by polite people, and courtesy notes may never be written on business paper nor typed. Gentlewomen do not use perfumed note-paper nor any ink but the regulation black.

We all may feel a certain confidence, in writing to our friends, that they will not be critical; but, every holiday, some gifts come from

new acquaintances, and notes to these may seem difficult. In such cases, we must comply with the requirements of good form, for strangers judge us by appearances. A misspelled word bespeaks carelessness, if nothing more, and a misfit envelope shows us to be slovenly in details. Let your note be perfect as to form, and attempt nothing beyond sincere, dignified expressions of gratitude. The doctor's wife, for instance, who has received a gift from a grateful patient whom she has never met, immediately dispatches a correct note, such as:

My Dear Mrs. Hall:

Dr. White and I appreciate your kind thought in sending us the books. They will give us both much pleasure. I hope your holiday season has been pleasant, and that the New Year will bring you every happiness.

Cordially yours,
Mary Kendall Miller.

December the twenty-fifth.

A point of etiquette sometimes overlooked is in the matter of the signature. Under no circumstances should Mrs. Miller sign herself "Mary K. Miller", nor does she sign herself "Maisie", though she may be so called by intimate friends. To one of these, Mrs. Miller would write a very different note. The salutation which gives dignity to a formal note would give way to a cordial "Dear Lucy," or perhaps disappear altogether, as in this:

Oh, joy! joy! Lucy, this centerpiece you have sent me is so beautiful, and I do believe you made it all yourself. It is just what I want, and you are a dear to remember me in this way. A thousand thanks, Lucy dear.

Yours with love,
Maisie.

Such a note can be written with real enthusiasm upon first opening a package, and your friend will know it came from the heart. But if you wait a day or so to answer, your overflowing sentiments probably will be cold, and your expressions lack inspiration.

After all, as some one has understandingly said, "Politeness is an attitude of heart," and if we really appreciate the thought each gift represents, we will not delay the expression of our gratitude.



THE CHRISTMAS AFTERMATH

By ANNETTE BEACON

THE day after Christmas!
Annual day of reckoning!

During all the joyous hustle and bustle of the holiday season; we are keyed up to such a happy pitch that minor matters, like aching feet or jangled nerves, while they may obtrude themselves upon our consciousness, get scant consideration; but when the Day of Days is over, when the tree has been lighted and the gifts distributed, the turkey and mince pie eaten, the morning of the twenty-sixth finds us conscious of both aches and ailments.

Our feet, which have patiently walked miles and miles along department store aisles



THE NERVOUS WOMAN MUST
MAKE A PRACTISE OF
RELAXING

in pursuit of "the right gift", which have run up and down innumerable stairs, and which have had no rest during the exciting period of trimming the tree or



SUPPORTING
TIRED
ARCHES
WITH
ADHESIVE
TAPE

getting the Christmas baking done, are suddenly discovered to be puffed

and swollen, to have developed incipient bunions and painful arches. Our eyes are tired and inclined to be red-rimmed. And, as for nerves—!

LET us spend the rest of the holidays repairing the damage we have done. A little warm vaseline on the edges of the eyelids at night, a thorough eye-bath with a three per cent. solution of boric acid in an eye-cup night, noon and morning, and avoidance of any use of the eyes by artificial light, for a time, should be our first consideration.

Putting our feet back in shape is a less simple matter, for an over-strain which has lasted several weeks sometimes produces conditions which threaten to become permanent, and we soon find that we have a hard task before us.

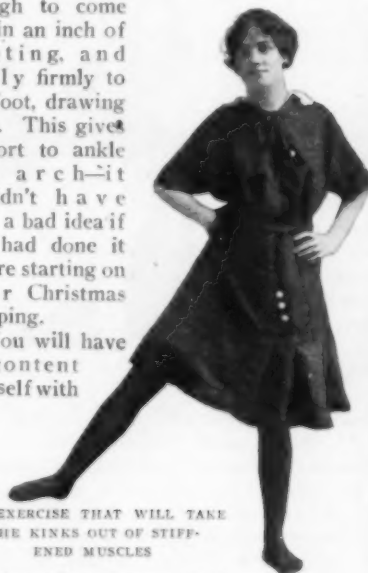
If you have been wearing a short shoe, or one with rather high heels, and yet have been on your feet a great deal, the joint of the great toe may have become enlarged, even though it has not reached the bunion stage, and the arch of the foot may have been seriously strained.

The latter is no trifling matter, for weak or broken arches are painful, have a disastrous effect on the nerves, and are most difficult to cure.

The night of the twenty-sixth, before retiring, bathe—but do not soak—

the feet in hot water, dry carefully, and then massage with coco butter, using both hands, clasping the instep and massaging toward the toes. Hold a cake of the coco butter over a lighted candle until warm, and then rub on the foot. After the feet have been thoroughly massaged and feel all warm and glowing, take a roll of adhesive tape, half an inch to an inch wide, and bind firmly about the instep, around the ankle, and the forward part of the foot. Do not let the tape completely encircle either instep or ankle, as this may impede circulation; but cut a strip at a time, just long enough to come within an inch of meeting, and apply firmly to the foot, drawing tight. This gives support to ankle and arch—it wouldn't have been a bad idea if you had done it before starting on your Christmas shopping.

You will have to content yourself with



AN EXERCISE THAT WILL TAKE
THE KINKS OUT OF STIFF-
ENED MUSCLES

a painstaking sponge bath for two days; then the tape should come off, the feet be massaged, and new tape applied. Continue this for a couple of weeks, and by that time your feet will have had an opportunity to recuperate.

[Concluded on page 69]



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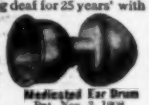
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MANAGING A CHURCH BAZAAR

By BECKY STEELE

THERE was a thank-offering in my heart that prompted me to say "yes" when the committee visited me to ask if I would accept the president's place in the Guild for the new year. It was a service I gave willingly, but not until later did I realize I had undertaken a real business. The church guild is not always in a flourishing state, members may have been indifferent, or debts too heavy.

At the year's first meeting of the Guild, in January, little was accomplished except a realization that there was a particularly empty treasury and a very scattered membership. Money had to be made, and members rallied.

Seven hundred dollars had been pledged toward the final organ payment; the Guild hall kitchen must be remodeled, and linen, silver, and china replenished. All this, and more, quickly told me I must do some missionary work as well as financing. The second meeting was devoted to the discussion of how we should proceed with new plans, and by what means we could make money. The amount was to be not less than a thousand dollars, and more, if possible.

The bazaar thought was kindling, but the protesting minority offered suggestions. Mrs. Ogden thought bazaars were too uncertain in their returns, and that the real burden fell on the faithful few; so that a better plan would be a soliciting committee to raise the money by a general subscription. Mrs. Bartlett opposed this suggestion, as such a plan would involve the men, and, as they were already saddled with the building funds, this should be the women's problem. Mrs. Towne's idea was a church lyceum bureau to secure performers for a number of concerts and lectures, and another member proposed one big entertainment by local talent, and a series of bimonthly dinners to be given during the winter.

When we got down to the actual responsibility as to who would solicit, and who would take the lead with the entertainments, suggestions came easily, but volunteers were wanting. The ultimate conclusion was that, for raising money

and engaging the sympathy, talents, and cooperation of the greater number of helpers, nothing equals a bazaar. So, long before the May flowers bloomed, we decided upon a bazaar for December next.

FIRST of all, I appointed a general chairman for each branch of work, and divided the work into seven general departments—fancy work, practical articles, dolls, linens, candy, a fish-pond for the children, and a tea table. As fancy work is so inclusive, I subdivided this branch, and, under the general chairman, a second chairman was placed in charge of each special feature, as follows: Silk bags, lamp-shades, crocheting, boudoir caps, negligees, pincushions, sachets, embroidery, cross-stitching, and pasting.

In making my list for the committees, I examined the church register and made a list of all women who I thought would be interested, determining to give each one a chance at least to help. I asked each one, personally, if I could depend upon her assistance, told her of the different chairmen and their distinct branches, and gave her a choice of work. As each accepted, I assigned her to the committee of which she wished to become a member.

After all were placed, I gave each chairman full charge to appoint as many sub-chairmen as she might need. Each general chairman was to be responsible for the materials to be used in making articles. She either gave the money or selected the materials. All



WE DECIDED UPON A HOLIDAY BAZAAR

ideas and plans were fully discussed and decided upon; so that before the Guild meetings stopped for the summer months, every woman understood what was expected of her for the winter bazaar, thus giving her opportunity to utilize her summer leisure.

Each summer stay-at-home promised to write to four friends, requesting each to make and donate one pretty article for the sale. Every member who expected to be away for the summer promised to bring back four new ideas, in the actual models.

[Concluded on page 70]



THE CHRISTMAS AFTERMATH

[Continued from page 67]

Adhesive tape is invaluable in case of a sprained ankle, which should be at once bound up with it very tight indeed—an inch down the front of instep and ankle being left free of tape.

If the legs are stiff and tired, a boudoir exercise will soon rejuvenate them, and take care of all rebellious aching muscles.

REJUVENATING EXERCISE

Standing with heels together, hands on hips (fingers in front and thumbs back), and head erect, swing the left leg out sidewise as far and as high as possible, being careful not to bend the knee. Bring it back to the floor again—gradually, as if its movement were being opposed. Swing out again, with vigor; bring it back. Continue this for ten times, then repeat with the right leg. Practise for five minutes.

This exercise will not only limber up stiff legs, but is very effective in helping to overcome rheumatic conditions; and, since it makes all the leg and thigh muscles flexible, it is an excellent exercise for the girl or woman who is anxious to acquire grace of movement.

If an enlarged toe joint is one of the bequests of your Christmas shopping orgies, you must immediately purchase, if you do not already possess, some low-heeled, broad shoes—broad at the toes, that is, but holding the instep very firm indeed, to prevent the foot from sliding forward in the shoe. Insert between the great toe and the next toe a little wad of cotton to help bring the former back into its proper position. Massage of the joint with coco butter every night will help, the great toe being gently manipulated and straightened. You can purchase a bunion protector which will keep the shoe from pressing against the inflamed joint, or layers of felt with a hole cut in the middle can be placed over it. If your bunion is very much inflamed, I can give you a formula for a lotion to apply. But these are only alleviations, and no radical improvement can result unless you change your style of shoe at once and until your feet are in normal condition again. In the house, wear soft, pliable slippers which have a band across the instep, so they will hold the foot from slipping.

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses the possibilities of attraction. Beauty often lies merely in clear eyes, well-cared-for skin, nicely manicured nails, soft and luxuriant hair, and an attractive figure. It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.

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MANAGING A CHURCH BAZAAR

(Continued from page 68)

When the first of October came, and all were back from summer jauntings, I inaugurated a once-a-week all-day meeting in the Guild hall. We brought our sewing and embroidery, and worked diligently. At noon, an informal luncheon was served at a long table. From eighteen to twenty-five women came to sew, and were served with coffee; hot toasted rolls; creamed rice and cheese, or fish, or spaghetti with jelly; pickles; and tea cakes, for a charge of ten cents. A different committee of four or five women took charge of the luncheon each week, and shared the expenses above the receipts. The janitor was glad to wash the dishes for his lunch and the left-overs. This arrangement brought in quite a number of workers who otherwise would not have come for the day, and much work was accomplished. Besides the all-day meetings, the committee had special gatherings at the homes of the sub-chairmen, a great deal being carried through in this way.

Silk bags were made from lovely flowered ribbons—adaptable for many uses, they were among our chief "stock in trade". The frames for the lampshades were made at a tin-shop in the simple drum shape, or the plain hexagon. Narrow seam ribbon was wrapped over wire frames, and glazed chintz or cretonne was used to cover them; cotton or silk fringe trimmed the lower edge of the frame.

Sachet bags were made in sets of three or six satin squares, stuffed lightly with cotton, and filled with a combination of heliotrope, violet, white rose, and orris powders. Lavender bags were made of bolting cloth, and filled with fresh lavender flowers. The edges of the bags were bound with lavender ribbon.

SACHET linings for boxes and bureau drawers were made of dainty dimities or China silks, and filled with two layers of sheet wadding, heavily sprinkled with the sachet powders.

Practical articles came under plain sewing, and this branch demanded the help of many hands, for the useful time-savers are always eagerly bought, and

must be made by the dozen. One sub-chairman on this committee served as the cutter, another bought all the materials, a third was responsible for the machine work. Some of the practical things were, aprons, plain and fancy, laundry and ice bags, dust caps and cloths, laundry sets, covers for dress-hangers, clothes-pin bags, quilted pads for ironing-boards.

THE doll chairman, like the others, subdivided her work. Nothing was too small to be included for dolly; one woman with deft fingers made tiny handkerchiefs, two and a half inches square, mull baby bonnets, fancy Swiss aprons, and pink lawn sunbonnets. Another woman crocheted sacques, mittens, muffs and tam-o'-shanters. Sheets, with pillows and pillow-cases, flannel blankets and coverlets, were made in sets. One clever woman, with her husband's assistance, built and furnished a doll's house, two feet high, with two floors of four rooms each. Chances were sold at fifty cents, and netted one hundred and fifty dollars.

When the time drew near for the bazaar, an advertising committee was created which mailed announcements and distributed posters in public places.

Past experience had taught that energy and money were squandered on fancy booth decorations, so

we decided to have long tables, covered with white cloth, since tables place the articles within easy reach of the purchaser, and aid in their sales. We used tall palms where we could place them, and ferns made the tea table more attractive.

The chairman of the tea table was chosen for her affability, the candy chairman for her friendship with the young girls.

The total receipts for our bazaar ran over fourteen hundred dollars. Such a result was possible only through working so far in advance. Members were on the alert from the first of the year. But the real secret of success was concentration, and untiring and harmonious efforts among the members during those twelve months.



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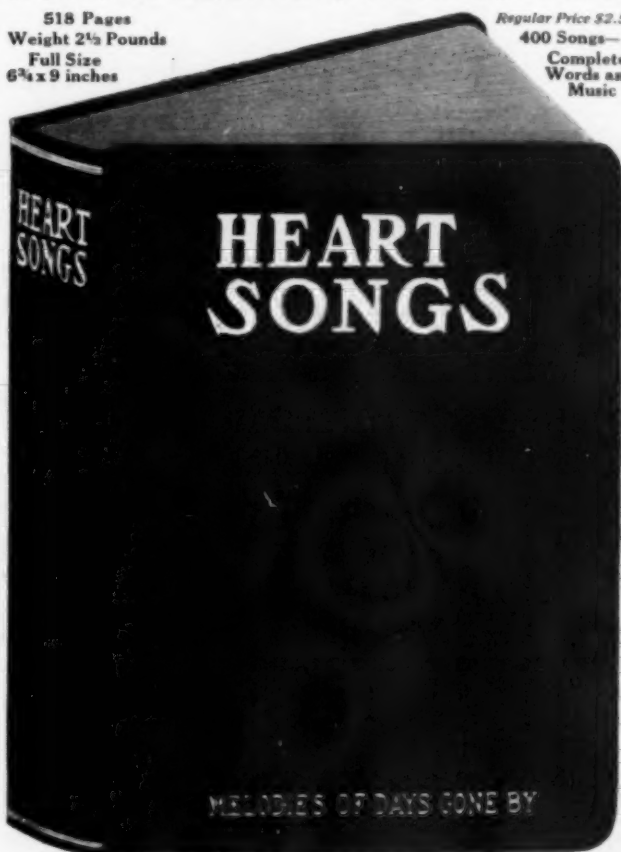
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Dixie
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Far Away
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Firmly Stand, My Native Land
Fly as a Bird
Flow Gently Sweet Afton
Girl I Left Behind Me, The
God Be With You
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Hardy Norseman, The
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Home to Our Mountains
Homeward Bound
How Can I Leave Thee?
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Loreley, The
Lost Chord, The
Love's Old, Sweet Song
Marching Through Georgia
Marshall's Hymn, The
Maryland! My Maryland!
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My Old Kentucky Home
Nancy Lee
Nearer, My God to Thee
Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet
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Old Black Joe
Old Dan Tucker
Old Folks at Home, The
Old Oaken Bucket, The
Onward! Christian Soldiers
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Paddle Your Own Canoe
Red, White and Blue, The
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Rock of Ages
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep
Sailing
Silent Night
Sleep, Beloved, Sleep
Soldier's Farewell
Star-Spangled Banner, The
Stonewall's Requiem
Sweet and Low
Sweet Bye and Bye
Sweet Genevieve
Swissler's Farewell, The
Tenting To-night
Then You'll Remember Me
Those Evening Bells
Three Little Pigs, The
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Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 47—BOYS' SUIT

By MARGARET WHITNEY

THE small boy's suit is often a problem to the mother. It is expensive to buy, and the tailored effect is hard for her to obtain, so for the dressmaking lesson this month, I have chosen a small boy's suit, McCall Pattern No. 6292, which comes in four sizes, 2 to 8 years; price 15 cents. I have used the four-year size, which requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch serge for the coat and trousers, \$1 a yard; 1 yard of 40-inch madras for the blouse, 25 cents a yard; $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of silk braid, 10 cents a yard, and 1 yard of black sateen 36 inches wide, 16 cents a yard, for the coat lining; making a total cost of \$2.41.

To cut both trousers and jacket, lay the serge double and flat upon the table, and place upon it the pattern pieces H, O, U, X, R, and Z, and the lap as shown in diagram, Fig. II; also the rever facings.

The three crosses (+++) should be placed on the lengthwise fold of the material. The lap, having two large circles, and the remaining pieces with four large circles, place on the lengthwise thread of the goods. The proper placing of the pattern on the material is very important, for if the edges that should be cut straight are a little bias, it will cause no end of trouble in the finishing of the garments. Mark all



BOY'S SUIT, NO. 6292



FIG. I.—CUTTING DIAGRAM FOR BLOUSE MADE OF MADRAS; (S) SLEEVE; (F) FRONT OF BLOUSE; (B) BACK; (E) UPPER COLLAR; (C) UNDER COLLAR

lay them aside; then cut the coat lining of black sateen.

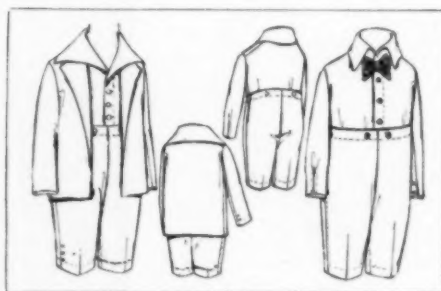
The blouse pieces, S, F, B, C, and E, are placed on the goods as shown in the diagram, Fig. I, with the single cross of the two collar sections, C and E, and the triple crosses on the back pieces B, on the lengthwise fold of the material. The other pieces are placed so that the four large circles are on the lengthwise thread of the material. Mark perforations and notches, then cut.

As the blouse is the simplest garment, we will make it first. Sew together back piece (B) and fronts (F) at the shoulder seams. Turn under $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch around the armholes of the waist, and baste. The sleeves should be made next. Make inverted pleats by creasing the sleeve at the single small circles and bringing the creases over to the large circles; then stitch. Lay the blouse flat,

and place the upper edge of the sleeve $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch under the turned under portion of the blouse armhole, the seam of sleeve at the underarm seam of blouse and the four large circles in the sleeve toward the front. Baste carefully; then stitch about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from the edge. Turn on the wrong side, turn the edge of the sleeve under, and stitch. Turn the hem of blouse.

NEXT, sew the long under-arm and sleeve seam, from waist edge to extension for cuff. This should be a French "pudding-bag" seam; that is, stitch these edges together on the right side, near the edge; turn the material to the wrong side, and stitch along the line of long perforations. This makes a neat seam on the wrong side. Turn under and stitch the back extension, then face the front extension for an underlap. Turn under the edge of the sleeve, and face with a one-inch strip of cloth, placing snappers a half-inch from edge.

Now, make the collar. Sew the outer edges of the two pieces of the collar (E, the upper section, and C, the under part) with centers matching, edges even, and right sides of material together. Turn right side out, and baste along the edges;



OTHER VIEWS OF SUIT

notches and perforations carefully, and then cut. Fold these pieces and

then, smooth carefully, and baste through the center, crosswise.

Sew the edge of section C having single small circle to neck edge of blouse, with center at center-back, edges even, and seam inside. Turn under the edge of upper part of collar (section E), baste around the neck edge and along upper

fronts of the blouse, and stitch to position. Roll over either way, as shown in the illustrations. Finish the bottom of the blouse with a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch facing of the same material, stitching along upper edge and again about one inch below; this gives a strong, firm band for the buttons to which the trousers are fastened. Sew the buttons on at single small circles. Make buttonholes on the blouse closing and press with utmost care.

The next thing is the jacket. Face the revers of fronts (R) with the pieces cut to fit, stitching first on the wrong side, then turning, and

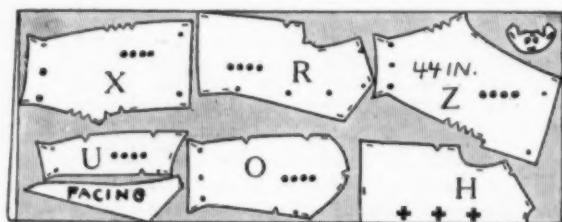


FIG. II.—CUTTING DIAGRAM FOR COAT AND TROUSERS MADE OF SERGE; (R) FRONT OF JACKET; (H) BACK OF JACKET; (O) TOP OF SLEEVE; (U) UNDER SLEEVE; (X) FRONT OF TROUSERS; (Z) BACK OF TROUSERS; FACING

[Concluded on page 77]

A SWEATER AND A BED-SPREAD

FOR KNITTING NEEDLE AND CROCHET HOOK

By ANNA A. MCGINLEY

NOTHING gives better protection against the winter cold than a knitted woolen sweater. No matter what the prevailing style in other garments, the sweater holds its popularity from one year to another; it lacks the clumsiness but duplicates the warmth of the heavy woven cloth wraps, and has the further advantage of bearing repeated launderings. No one who has once known the convenience of this warm wrap, will ever be without one.

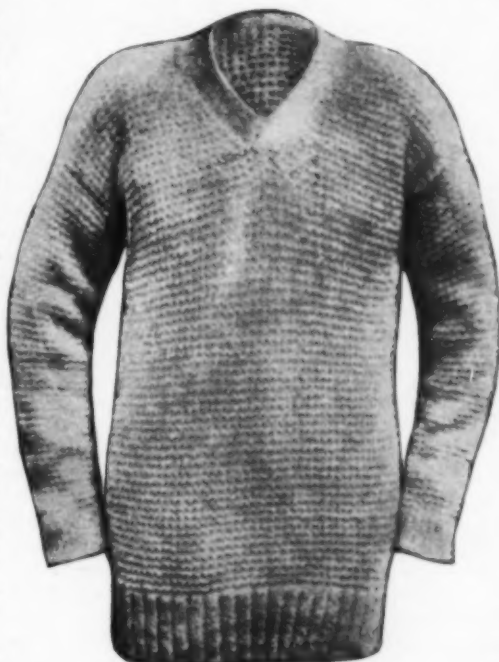
A sweater can easily be made at home by any woman to whom the knitting needle is a familiar friend. The only difficulty lies in the shaping, but if directions for working are followed exactly, there is no opportunity for mistakes.

For a man's sweater, like the illustration, use a set of four coarse bone needles, and a pair of finer steel ones. Cast on 108 on one needle. Knit backwards and forwards, for 1 to 30 rows; knit 1, purl 1. Thirty-first row; knit 108. Thirty-second row; purl 108. Thirty-third row; knit 1, purl 1, to the end. Thirty-fourth row; purl 108. Thirty-fifth row; knit 108. Thirty-sixth row; knit 1, purl 1, to the end. Repeat from rows 31 to 36, inclusive, for 24 inches.

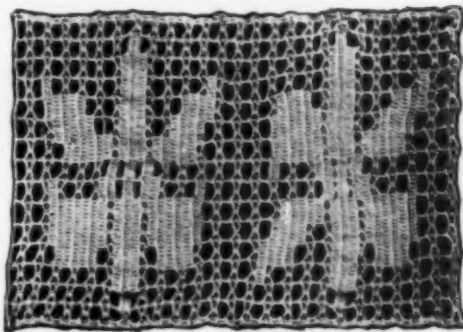
TO shape the opening at the neck, when you have repeated the thirty-sixth row for 24 inches, work 54 stitches. Turn *. knit 4, knit 2 together, knit 1. Pass the "2 together" over this last stitch; knit to the end; turn. Purl 52, turn. Knit 1, purl 1, to the end of 52; turn. Purl 52, turn. Knit 52, turn. Knit 1, purl 1, to the end of 52; repeat from * until you have 38 stitches left, always working 2 stitches less. Then cast on 8 at the neck end, and work your pattern for 8 rows.

Leave these stitches and return to the other side. Begin in the middle and knit 1, purl 1, for 54 stitches. Turn *. Knit till 7 from the end, then knit 2 together, knit 1. Pass the "2 together" stitch over the last, then knit 4, turn. Purl 52, turn. Knit 1, purl 1, for 52 stitches, turn. Purl 52, turn. Knit 52, turn. Knit 1, purl 1. Repeat from * until you have 38 stitches, then cast on 8 at the neck-end, and work your pattern for 8 rows. Cast on 16 at the neck-end, then work to the end of the stitches on the spare needle, and you will have 108 for the

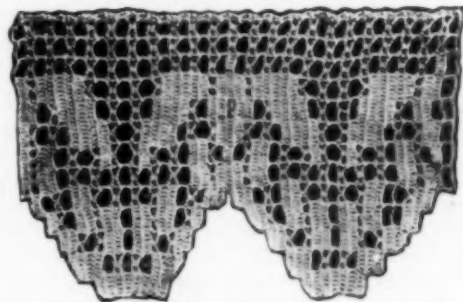
back, which must be worked the same length as the front, without any opening. Cast off and sew up from the bottom, leaving $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches for armholes.



MAN'S KNITTED SWEATER



CROCHETED BAND FOR BED-SPREAD



CROCHETED EDGE TO MATCH BAND FOR BED-SPREAD

For the sleeves, pick up 18 stitches, and work on four needles the pattern, 2 rows plain, and 1 row of knit 1, purl 1. After 9 ridges of pattern, decrease twice every eighth row under the armhole, until you have 46 stitches left. When you have worked 66 ridges, rib 20 rows for the cuff—a rib of knit 1, purl 1, cast off.

For the neck opening, pick up on the steel needles 41 stitches down the side of the neck opening, and knit 1, purl 1. Turn. Knit 1, purl 1, for 8 rows; then decrease 4 stitches at the end farthest away from the neck. Work 18 rows altogether. Cast off loosely. Work the other side the same. Then sew up the 8 stitches at the top of the opening to this pattern on each side, and sew up the bottom of the opening. If you wish a turn-down collar, work the same, but do not cast on the 8 after the opening; instead, work straight over the shoulders.

For neck band, pick up 38 stitches down one side, 16 you have at back, 38 down other side, and knit 1, purl 1, backwards and forwards, increasing a couple of stitches three times in center of back. Work about 30 rows.

THE woman who is fond of her crochet hook will find pleasant occupation in making a bed-spread of nine-inch crocheted bands set together with linen strips the same width, and finished with a seven-and-a-half-inch crocheted edge to match. It may be quickly made of natural-colored carpet warp, or India twist, and is a showy and attractive coverlet. The linen strips may be hemmed by hand, or a hem basted and then caught down with herringbone stitch on the right side, then strips and crocheted bands overcasted together. When finished, the spread should be wide enough to hang over the bed in a valance. Twelve spools of carpet warp or twenty-five balls of India twist is enough for a spread of average size.

The same design may be developed in finer thread for table or other household linens.

Editor's Note.—The spread designs may be easily copied from the illustrations shown, but, for those who desire, detailed directions will be mailed for ten cents.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

By FRANCES HARMER

Illustrated by HARRY LINNELL

THE mother listened in silence. Her hand lay lightly on the bowed head at her knee, and once or twice it wandered down to caress the burning cheeks. But she said nothing until her daughter's outpouring was checked by sobs.

"Have you spoken to him?" she asked, at last.

Marion Lenox lifted her head. "I shall not speak," she answered, with an attempt at firmness. "I am going to leave him. I can come back to you?" she added, pleadingly.

"But—the children," parried her mother. "Ned is fond of them, Marion. And they are his, too."

Marion rose with dignity. And as she shook her disordered gown into place, and smoothed her roughened hair, she put her rebellious soul, too, into some sort of restraint. She was very much disappointed in her mother's reception of her tragic news. For the future, she would suffer in silence!

"I think," went on her mother, slowly, "that you would better come home with me, as if for a visit. Bring Kitty and Bobby, too, of course."

"Then—?" asked Marion, trying to speak as if she were not harboring resentment.

"Why, then, send for Ned. Talk it out with him," answered Mrs. Barton. "Don't you think you can put your case—with more dignity—from your own home, dear?"

Marion's heart gave a little grateful throb. Then Mother did understand!

"Yes," she said; "I'll just say I'm going to visit you, as I generally do near this time of the year."

That night, when the evening meal, called supper for the children's sake, was nearly over, Marion broached the subject to her husband.

"Mother wants me to go back with her," she remarked, as casually as she could. "Take care, Kitty; you're spilling your milk."

Mrs. Barton shivered a little as her son-in-law turned to her. She had been afraid of him when he asked her for her child. She had realized his dislike for her through the brief and fiery courtship; and the knowledge had darkened, not heavily, but persistently, the subsequent years. She tried to meet his eyes, now, but her own fell before his masterful and frowning stare.

"Isn't it a pity to break into Kitty's school time?" he asked. Marion looked at him, as he sat back in his armchair. He was so handsome—those clear-cut features, that Gibson-like head, had won her girlish heart so quickly—that, even now, she felt a pang. But the words dulled it with the narcotic of subdued anger.

"I DON'T think so," she replied coldly. "Two weeks don't matter—in a kindergarten. At Mother's they'll both be out in the garden all day."

As he made no answer, she added sharply: "Only the other day, you were fussing because I didn't keep them out all the afternoon!"

Ned Lenox was still silent. The atmosphere grew so tense that even the children felt it.

"Don't quawwel," reproved Bobby, looking at his mother.

"They do, don't they?" remarked Kitty to Bobby in a tone of polite interest.

"Come, children, bed-time," interposed Marion, hastily, a little alarmed. "Kiss Gran, and run up-stairs."

She took them up, and Mrs. Barton and her son-in-law were left alone, a situation they mutually avoided.

To her surprise, he spoke.

"Have you any idea what is wrong with Marion?" he began. "You must have seen that she's upset about something?"

Mrs. Barton was silently praying for wisdom.

"If," he went on—and she knew, without looking at him, how hard the clear-cut face was at that moment—"if she has any idea of a separation, let her understand from the start that I'll fight for the children! She hasn't an earthly ground to go upon, and I'll fight."

Mrs. Barton found courage.

"No ground?" she asked, forcing herself to look at him. "You promised to love and cherish, didn't you?"

Ned Lenox, who had risen to get his paper, turned and looked down at her. She was a little woman, with a blanched face, and under its lace cap her hair was silver. The sharp words died on his lips. She was his guest, and too frail to do battle with. He forced himself to speak with a semblance of reasonableness and courtesy.

I CAN'T keep on making love, if that is what you—and she—mean. I've never given another woman a thought, and I've provided for her well."

"She says that business absorbs you; that you never take her out."

He made no reply. Dropping his long length into a low chair, he picked up the evening paper. But Mrs. Barton felt this to be her one chance.

"Let her come home with me—for a few days. Then come down, too, and talk it over."

Ned suddenly looked at her, his eyes searching her face.

"You never liked me, and we may as well acknowledge it," he said. "Do you want her to leave me?"

"For the children's sake, no." She found her courage growing with each word. "But while they can say what they said to-night, it might be better, even for them!"

Ned muttered something between his teeth.

"It's mere unreasonableness and childish folly," he said, after a moment's silence. "Please make her understand I'll fight—for the children."

After a few days in her own home, Marion began to face life seriously. One morning, she dressed herself with care, and left the house. Her mother watched her from the window, until tears dimmed the picture of the graceful, swiftly receding figure. From that gate, she had watched her little girl set off on her first school day; and from that gate she had gone forth a bride. Must she now seek a sad and empty life from the same starting-point?

Marion paused at a handsome house, the residence of the high-school principal, whom she knew well. He listened in silence to her brief statement that she wished to secure economic independence. She grew uncomfortable.

"Of course, if you have no vacancy—," she began, half rising, "I won't take up your time."

"Sit down," said the old man, with a curtness that brought a flush to her cheek. "As it happens, there is a vacancy. But I do not approve of married women teaching, unless there is a real need. Is that your case?"

Marion looked down. Ned had never been ungenerous in financial matters. She was conscious of a sense of disquieting disloyalty, as she replied:

"Yes, it is."

"That alters matters." Mr. Symond's voice was gentler. "But I hope there is nothing—er—public? That would never do!"

"No," explained the young wife; "I shall stay with my



"MOTHER WANTS ME TO GO BACK WITH HER," SHE REMARKED AS CASUALLY AS SHE COULD

mother, leaving her at week ends. He will come down, then, and see the children."

"I'll speak about it," he conceded, "at the next board meeting."

"Your word will be the deciding one," she said. "Please tell me if I may hope?"

He nodded, half smiling. Her eyes sparkled. She would be free, independent, an earner! Her wages would open long closed gates. She could go where she liked—do what she liked!

"I shall enjoy teaching," she cried, settling back in her chair. "I have been studying, too. I have new methods at my finger-tips."

PLEASE keep them there—I want no new-fangled theories practised on my children." The principal's voice was curt and dictatorial. "My methods will serve here. You will do well to learn them."

Marion's face grew hot. She could not recall when she had been addressed with so little deference, so much authority! It was with difficulty that she refrained from declining the position she had so coveted.

But she did refrain. Only, her pride smarted as she walked home. He was worse than Ned, and without Ned's—well, not right, of course, but at least excuse, of intimacy!

Her mother was keenly disappointed at her news, but did not give her feelings any voice. So a week went on. And each day of the week brought some strange and bitter lesson to Marion.

"Is there never any going back?" she asked herself, the day Ned was expected. "I was so happy, here—so happy, when I was a girl. Why don't I fit, now?"

She had had a slight, well-bred disagreement with her mother, which made her dread the evening meal. The children had been attacked by some trivial and transient ailment, and Mrs. Barton, without consulting her daughter, had administered an old-fashioned drug. Marion had spoken her disapproval almost hotly.

"No one uses those things nowadays," she protested.

"You had plenty of it, and you are well and strong enough," had been her mother's gentle, but rather cold reply. "All new-fangled things are not the best, my dear."

Again, Marion was conscious that she did not fit. And the die was cast. She meant to tell Ned, that night, of her position and her plans.

The family went out for a car-ride in the afternoon. Marion put the children together in one seat, and her mother took the window-seat immediately behind, drawing away her skirt to make room for Marion at her side. It was a trifle, but it was significant. It was natural and right that the older woman, and her mother, should have the preference, whenever a preference existed. But she liked a window-seat—and Ned always gave it to her. Slowly, and very bitterly, Marion realized that when a woman has once ruled a home, she does not take kindly to being a guest, even an honored and beloved guest, in some one else's home. Everything was different! And she had burnt her bridges! She had set her face—the wrong way.

The children were to be allowed to sit up to see their father. But Marion shrank from the meeting, and put it off as long as possible.

"It was on the nineteenth of July that he came down to ask me to marry him," she said bitterly to her mother. "I went to Margaret's reception, then, and I may as well do the same thing to-day."

She did not see the little start her mother gave at her words. And she could not know the hope that came into her mother's heart.

Margaret Green—she had been Margaret Sherwood in the olden days—was the first person to bring a little glow of satisfied self-respect to Marion. Her welcome was so hearty, and her admiration so frank. Marion knew she was looking her best. She had taken some pains to do so.

But when her girl friends began to talk of husbands, and children, and hopes, and plans, her heart grew sick again. She could not tell them the truth—that she was not a happy wife, that she was separated from her husband!

[Concluded on page 76]

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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

[Continued from page 75]

Yet, she out-stayed most of the guests, dreading beyond words the last act of her rebellion—putting the final seal on the closed door of her married life.

The telephone rang. She heard Margaret's gay voice answering it.

"Ned—Ned Lenox! Yes, she's here. Come for her! We want a peep at you!"

Marion rose hastily. She certainly did not want a walk home with him—like that other walk, seven years ago—with this bitter difference! But Margaret had rung off, and nothing could be done. Before long, she could see his light, alert figure coming up the street.

And then Marion knew that the moment of fiercest revolt, of keenest anger, had never stung her as the sight of her husband stung her now. He was so handsome, so strong! She could have been so proud to see him coming for her—if those bridges had never been burnt.

He behaved very well, talking with unusual pleasantness to Margaret and the others. But the moment came—it had to come—when they were walking side by side, and in cold, strained silence, along the path they had trodden with such overflowing joy, seven years ago!

Ned was remembering it, too, though he gave no sign. Once, a rose bush that sent a long arm over the hedge separating the garden from the street—made them swerve aside. On that other night, he had stolen a rose from it, saying that it had come out to seek her! He did not repeat the theft to-night, but both husband and wife recalled the little incident, each with a sad wonder—was the other remembering?

When they reached the house, the children were in bed. On the table was a gala meal, very like in effect, though with no glaring resemblances of detail (Mrs. Barton was too true an artist for that), to the betrothal feast that he had called nectar and ambrosia.

"Sit down, you must both be hungry," said Mrs. Burton. She was unhappy and uneasy, yet not quite without hope. Only, she feared once or twice, that her purpose was too patent. If either of them suspected it, they might start back in quick revulsion, not wishing to be tricked.

But whatever they thought, or recalled, they ate in silence. When the stiffly formal little repast was ended, Mrs. Burton left them, and then Ned saw. He looked across at his wife, startled. She was very young and girlish in the white gown that seemed so like that other white gown, though even his masculine eye perceived certain differences. Very, very like the girl he had wooed and won—wooed with such extravagant promises! For the first time, he asked himself if he had kept them all.

"Well, Marion," he said, rising. "I suppose we may as well settle things?"

She rose, too, and led the way, blindly, stumblingly, out onto the porch. Instinctively, she took the chair in which she had sat that wonderful night—not noticing, though Ned did, that it was very near the steps, as it had been then. And now, as once before, he drew back the rocker, with her in it, in fear of its proximity to the edge.

"I have decided," she began, her voice not quite steady, "to take up my old work. I have a position for September."

He listened quite silently, while she unfolded her plans, always with that strange sinking of the heart.

"And do you think—" how eagerly she listened for the words that came at last—"that your mother is the right woman to bring up the children?"

So he cared only for them!

"You mean she didn't make a success of me?" Try as she would, her voice shook a little.

Her chair slid backward to the steps. He drew it forward again.

"No. It's I who do not seem to have made a success of you." She winced under his dry intonation, and yet—how she liked it, too!

"Will you—board?" she asked, abruptly.

"Nothing else to do," was his short answer. "Understand, Marion, I'll have no nonsense about the children. I'll pay your mother, properly, for their maintenance. They are to have whatever is best for them. How much will you earn?"

"Fifty dollars a month," she flushed in the darkness as she said it. Ned gave a low whistle.

"Poor Molly!" He used a name unheard for months—the name he had given her on their honeymoon. "Is it so bad?"

She longed to cry out that she loved him, that she wanted to be taken care of again, that she was frightened of this new life without him. But pride stopped her. And pride, alas! kept him dumb, also.

Her chair slipped backward again, right over the steps. Ned made no attempt to save it, but caught at her. The rocker crashed down onto the pebbled path, but Marion, held in a clasp that spoke eloquently of love, clung to him, trembling and sobbing. And in that clasp, so close that each could feel the beating of the other's heart, love knew that it had slept and not died!

"Mother," said Ned Lenox that night—calling her by the name for the first time, "forgive me! I thought you were helping her—not me."

"Both of you." The little old lady was smiling through her tears. "I knew she could never be transplanted back."



THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 72]

basting the edges through the line of small circles, ready for stitching. Join the back (H) to the fronts (R), stitching shoulder and under-arm seams through the long perforations. Sew the seams of the sleeve, set it in armhole, placing the front seam indicated by single small circles at the notch in front of armhole, and the notch in the top of the sleeve (section O), at the shoulder seam, with the four large circles toward the front, and stitch. Turn up the bottom of the sleeve at the single small circles.

Put the lining together in the same way described for the coat. Cut off the revers on lining $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch beyond line of small circles; place lining in coat with seams facing each other. Baste, and pin the corresponding seams together, until the lining fits into the coat smoothly. Do not be too economical with basting stitches, for if the lining is not put in well the coat will look poorly made. Turn the edges of coat $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch, and hem or blind stitch the lining to the turned edges. Tack the lining and outside together at all seams, and sew securely at the armholes. The coat is now ready for the braid, the edges nearly finished so that if the braid should wear it may be removed, and the coat still be wearable. Baste and stitch the braid on, with its center on the edge which it binds, so that one row of stitching catches both edges.

Now, sew the seams of the trousers, leaving the center seam free between the single notches, and sew lap to right side of opening, and underface the upper front and back edges with a straight piece of goods so that the facing is an inch wide when finished. Turn under the lower edge of trousers along the single large circles, and stitch to position. Face the side of the trousers (X), and the underside of extension to the back (Z), allowing it to extend.

Make the buttonholes at the small circles, and button the trousers to the blouse, as illustrated. Press thoroughly to give the proper crease to the lapels and trousers, and the little suit is ready to wear.

The pressing of the garment is most important. All seams should be pressed as the work proceeds. A damp cloth should be placed over wool fabrics, and the hot iron placed over it, otherwise the material will become shiny.

To remove this shine, place first a dry, and then a damp cloth over the spots, pressing lightly.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to advise you as to the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

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A HOLIDAY PARTY

By ELEANOR OTIS

THERE is a tingle in the air and a jingle of sleigh-bells to remind us that the midwinter holidays are upon us. This means that the young people will be closing the doors of school and college behind them, and demanding, as their natural right, every possible joy for their all too brief ten days of freedom. Of course, they will want a party, and the spirit of festivity is so widespread at this season that no hostess need fear her entertainment will drag, even though simply planned and conducted.

Greens are easily obtained, and, with a few bolts of inexpensive red ribbon to brighten the effect, make the most attractive decorations. A pretty way to decorate, and, at the same time, provide for a jolly game later on, is to make up a number of holly wreaths and suspend them along strands of florist's wire fastened across the ceiling. If red paper poinsettias are placed among the greenery, the

When the guests arrive, begin the fun with a progressive game. Place each couple at a small table and set them to dressing whisk-broom dolls—one doll for each couple. The heads must be made first, and, to do this, bandages of white cloth must be wrapped around the top of the whisk-broom until it becomes the desired size and shape, and then sewed on smoothly. After the heads are on, ten minutes is allowed at each table to finish dolly's features and wardrobe. At one table, there are tiny many-colored buttons for eyes; at another, strands of coarse embroidery silk offer a beautiful variety of tresses; and another table has paint and brushes with which milady doll will acquire bright cheeks and a rose-bud mouth. Tiny bits of silk and velvet, with feathers plucked from the barnyard, cover another table and furnish material for stylish hats, and sartorial talent can be displayed at a table covered with bright scraps of cloth from your piece-bag. Remember, there are only ten minutes at each table; so even the boys will be busy advising, threading needles and helping the good work along.

At the end of ten minutes, each couple must progress, and if their doll is without an eye, one-eyed she must remain for the evening. When every couple has been at every table, collect the dolls, number them, hang on the big New Year's bell suspended in the room, and let the guests surround the bell and vote as to the prettiest doll. For a prize, a paper-weight will please the man, while a pair of silk stockings in a pretty box is just the thing for the girl.

The jolly game to be

played with the holly wreaths is as follows: Divide the guests into two companies, and let them stand in line under the line of wreaths. Give the leader of each line a small bunch of sleigh-bells. The leader at the head of each line takes the bells in his left hand and throws them through the wreath above him, to the next player, who must catch them in his left hand and throw through a wreath

[Concluded on page 79]



GATHERING EARLY FOR A JOLLY NEW YEAR'S PARTY

effect will be doubly pleasing. Hang your wreaths seven feet from the floor, and about three feet apart. Try to have nearly as many as you will have guests. Four rows across the room will probably be enough, unless the gathering is to be a very large one.

In the corner of the room, place a small tea-table decorated with tiny red paper bells. Serve fruit punch from this table, and have red and green candies on the table and red cherries bobbing about in the punch to carry out the color scheme.



A HOLIDAY PARTY

[Continued from page 78]

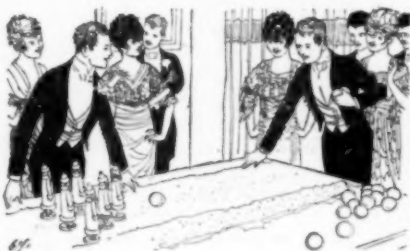
to the next one, and so on down the line and up the second line, if there are four rows of wreaths. When the last one on a side catches the bells, that side scores five, and both sides at once start at the head again. One hundred is the game, and the side first making this wins. When the bells are missed, and drop to the floor, they must be thrown to the leader and begin the trip anew; and if there are



A BIG BELL DISPLAYS THE DOLLS

more players than there are wreaths, have the player who misses drop out and let a player from the side take his place.

Something lively for a last game will be found in Snowballing Santa Claus. For this, buy a number of small toy Santas to use as tenpins, and stand them at the end of a long table. At sides of table, arrange white cotton for drifts of "snow", for a path leading to the figures. Now, give each guest three turns at rolling a rubber "snowball" down the "fairway" to strike the little Santas. By knocking down all of them at one play, a prize is won—a Santa himself is the reward; so extra Santas must be at hand.



SNOWBALLING SANTA CLAUSE

Pass around small sachet hearts made of bits of bright-colored silk to the girls and the whisk-broom dolls from the big bell to the boys. The colors of the heart sachets must correspond with the colors of the dolls' dresses; by matching colors, each boy will find his partner for supper. Sachets and brooms may be souvenirs. Serve refreshments in buffet style.

Editor's Note.—Miss Otis, Entertainment Editor, will gladly offer suggestions by mail for a party, luncheon, dinner, or other entertainment, if a stamped envelope accompanies request.

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THE NEW NOTE IN EVENING HATS

[Continued from page 28]

Thése bouquets should be very flat, so that the maline brim will not be raised much. The brim frame is an oval which, from front to back, measures fifteen and one-half inches, and from side to side fourteen inches. The headsize is an oval, eight and one-half inches from front to back, and six and one-half inches from side to side. The right spoke line is three and one-half inches long and the left spoke line four inches long. The edge line is a gradual curve which connects these longest and shortest spokes. Cut a pattern of an oval brim, as you were told in the September lesson, but measure four inches from the headsize oval line on each spoke, then cut away a half inch on the right side and graduate the edge line to curve naturally. The side crown is three inches high and twenty-five inches long. It is covered inside and outside with the plush.

The tip is an oval, eleven by ten inches. It is gathered around the edge and sewed inside the side crown almost as low as the headsize. The brim is covered smooth with the plush. The maline top brim is made of two ovals of maline exactly like the pattern of the brim. These are picoted together to give strength to the edge of the maline. You can make a chain stitch, using old-gold or any color of heavy floss, if you cannot get a picot edge done conveniently.

Fashion this winter offers such good opportunity for the home milliner to use up bits of finery that I hope every one will be tempted to make her own hat.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by mail by Mrs. Tobey if stamped envelope is enclosed.

THE NEW PUNCHED WORK

[Continued from page 55]

out at the angle with the second slanting line, one line below where you started. Repeat right around the figure. Always remember, in bringing your needle out, to skip the line from which you started to take your back stitches, so that your work progresses one section each time. Pull your threads even and rather tight to secure an open, lacy effect in your work.

Editor's Note.—Any questions in regard to embroidering the pillow-case in Appenzell and punched work, or any of the other articles illustrated on page 48, will be gladly answered by Miss Sterling. A stamped, addressed envelope should accompany each inquiry.

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A PERMANENT GARDEN

By SAMUEL ARMSTRONG HAMILTON

THERE is such a lure about burying seeds in the rich black earth in the springtime, to see them come up later, with their promise of bloom, that perhaps it is not strange so many of us choose to plant gardens that live for one year only, doing the work all over the next year. To be sure, if we would have many of the flowers we love—sweet peas and daisies, nasturtiums, cosmos, larkspur and poppies—we must always do more or less yearly planting, but the bulk of the garden—its background, as it were—may be permanent, living from year to year to

elaborate may be the design or ground-plan which is to be worked out, and whether any labor is to be hired to prepare the ground or put in the plants. So long as the border is equal in area to three by forty feet, whatsoever its shape, the given price of five dollars will buy all the plants required.

The border may be made at any time after the ground is in a condition to be worked, up to the first of June, in the latitude of New York; but the earlier the better, as it is best to set out the hardy plants and shrubs while dormant, or as

soon after growth starts as possible. If the plants are pot-grown, or the shrubs held dormant in cold-storage, this is not so important. If using field-grown plants and shrubs from the nurseryman, it will be best to make the borders as early as possible, and request the nurseryman to ship them at the right time for planting out. He will do this to suit your locality, of which he is sure to have correct information. As far as it is feasible, in



PUT A HARDY BORDER IN FRONT OF THE SHRUBBERY

delight us with its greenness and its mass bloom.

The hardy perennial plants and shrubs which go into the making of such a garden should be arranged in an irregular border about the lawn—a three-foot border is a good size for the average small lawn—and against this background may be planted one's favorite annuals. Most people seem to have the idea that a border of this kind is a very costly affair, but five



A DOUBLE-BORDERED WALK FOR SIDE OR BACK LAWN

dollars will easily cover the expense of the plants needed for a three-foot border forty feet in length. When we consider that this five dollars provides a permanent garden, the argument of expense is easily disposed of.

The feeling that very large grounds are necessary to make such a border at all practicable is also erroneous. If you have a lot forty by one hundred feet, there is ample room for a three-foot border; and if your house stands to the rear and at one side of the lot, there is room for even a six-foot border.

The entire expense of a permanent garden depends, of course, upon how

making the borders, avoid straight lines along the front facing the lawn; use a curved line, running it out into the grass in swells ten feet in length, two to a forty-foot border. These swells may be used as boundaries within which to grow some of the choice annuals to supplement the hardy plants in the border and to increase the display of color in midsummer. For this purpose, use some of the showy ones, such as the red or pink geranium, verbena, double petunia, stock, or salvia. These swells in the border, which should be almost half-circles, should have hardy plants at the back for but half their area;

[Concluded on page 83]



A PERMANENT GARDEN

[Continued from page 82]

this will leave sufficient ground in which to set out the annuals to advantage.

Along the whole border, no matter what its shape may be, should be set an edging of some showy annual plant, for which the best, probably, are the bright-leaved dwarf coleus, alternanthera, and geranium. This edging should be changed every season, to add variety to the effect. If a white edging be desired, make it of sweet alyssum. All these annual edgings may be grown easily from seed, either by starting in the house in flats or pots, or outside where they are to bloom; preferably the former.

In a three-by-forty-foot border, there should be sixty plants, all of a size, when they are set out, for immediate blooming, and they should be planted in staggered rows, like this:

x x x x x x x x x x x
x x x x x x x x x x x

If you desire to make a six-foot border, you may, for ten dollars, double the order for plants, or use as many more of other varieties. These plants may be had thus only in a collection made up by the nurseryman. If you were to look over a catalogue and select sixty plants at random, separately, they would cost more than twice this sum, and, perhaps, you would not make as good a selection. The following list gives the names and heights, when fully grown, of sixty plants which will give good results:

3 Sweet-williams	1½ feet
3 Hollyhocks	6 "
3 Chrysanthemums	3 "
1 Red Pyrethrum	2 "
2 New England asters	4 "
2 Dahlias	5 "
2 Helianthus Max.	6 "
3 Gaillardias	2 "
2 White Achilleas	2 "
3 Giant coneflowers	3 "
1 Peony	3 "
1 Meehan's mallow	7 "
3 Hardy phloxes	3 "
2 Gypsophila	3 "
2 Golden centaureas	2 "
2 Japanese anemones	3 "
2 Day lilies	4 "
2 August lilies	1½ "
10 Gladioli	3 "
2 Iris	3 "
3 Hemerocalis	1 foot
3 Bunches variegated grass	1 "
4 Scotch pinks	9 inches

The taller ones should be at the back, and the shorter ones in the front of the bed. The gladioli and dahlias should be taken up in the fall, and their places filled with young pansy plants, which you can grow from seed; these will afford blossoms in the bed in the spring until it is time to reset the gladioli and dahlias.

These flowers have been chosen in order to give bloom in the hardy border all season. They contain all the colors and shades usually found in hardy plants.

The assortment makes a good foundation from which some day to make a larger border, should you have more room, by putting in, from year to year, a few of the choice new things which the nurserymen bring out from time to time. If necessary, you can make room for these by removing one plant of each kind of which you have several.

SHOULD your border be more than forty feet long or three feet wide, and you desire not to spend more than five dollars for hardy plants, you can make a mixed hardy and annual border by setting the plants farther apart, and each year growing, in flats or pots, enough annuals to fill in the spaces between, using those which will bloom the whole season. The best for this purpose are: Gladioli, asters, salvia, marigolds, zinnias, gailardia, balsam, candytuft, celosia, Cleome, Calendula, Dianthus, and the various members of the Helianthus family, which should have a place at the back of the border. These annuals should be placed in small clumps, but if there be space for larger ones, say four to six feet, use a few of the following: Annual larkspurs, poppies, the giant daisy, Lupinus, Nicotiana, Ricinus, and Tritoma.

The border for these perennials should be permanently made. It is useless to try to grow fine perennials in the same way as annuals; you would not get the best results. Remove the soil, and excavate the subsoil to get a total depth of two feet, then refill with good garden loam enriched with plenty of horse manure well rotted.

Should you have room to make a shrubbery border as a background to the perennial one, you can get twelve fine, big shrubs, enough for the purpose, for \$5. With a width of eight feet, you will have room for this; \$10 will thus give you a border which will increase in value from year to year, and prove a lasting joy. The shrubs to choose for the best effect, and their full heights, are:

1 Spiraea Van Houttei	4 feet
2 Spiraea Billardi	6 "
1 Japanese Styra	4 "
2 Red Indian currants	4 "
1 Var. Althea	5 "
1 Dogwood	4 "
1 Burning-bush	4 "
2 Snowballs	4 "
1 Hungarian lilac	5 "

The border for these should be excavated like that for the hardy plants. In both cases, if there is not good drainage, put drainage in the bottom, consisting of broken stones, brickbats, or cinders the size of railroad ballast, to insure that water does not stand about the roots, as that would be fatal. When excavation is filled, dust with bone-meal and air-slaked lime, and rake in under the soil.

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A CRISP CRUST.—Before filling in a pie, run some white of egg thinly over the bottom crust. This prevents the juice from soaking into the bottom crust and making it soggy.—A. D., West New York, N. J.

KEEPING FLOWERS.—If you add a few thin slices of white soap or some other mild soap to the water before putting flowers into it, they will keep as fresh for nearly two weeks as when first gathered.—Mrs. F. F. C., Bloomsburg, Pa.

SETTING COLORS.—Red and pink may be permanently set by dipping material into turpentine. This is particularly useful when using these colors to trim garments.—Mrs. A. L. R., Fountain Inn, South Carolina.

RUSTING HOOKS.—Keep a magnet in your hook-and-eye-box and reject any hook or eye that the magnet will pick up. That shows that it will rust.—Miss M. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THAT TORN PLACKET.—To prevent a placket from tearing, fasten the last hook and eye, and hammer them together. The strain will come on them, then, and not on the goods.—A. B. M., Newark Valley, New York.

COOKING BEANS.—If a little baking-soda is added when cooking navy beans or shelled beans, they need not be soaked over night, and will be soft in about half the usual time.—A. F., Monce, Illinois.

EASY CLEANER.—Grease-spots on wall-paper may be removed by rubbing thoroughly with camphorated chalk.—Mrs. C. A. G., Selkirk, Ontario.

SCORCHED CLOTH.—Breadcrumbs, not too stale, rubbed over scorched cloth will cause the burn to disappear.—H. H., Muncie, Indiana.



TO PREVENT CURDLED SALAD DRESSING.—Vinegar often curdles when mixing with other things, such as dressings. If a good pinch of salt is added, this will smooth it at once.—Mrs. N. L., Middletown, New York.

HEALTHY FERNS.—To promote the growth of ferns, dilute a small quantity of sweet milk with a little water and apply to the roots not oftener than twice a week. This acts as a fertilizer, and will insure a luxurious growth to the most stubborn house fern.—F. E. A., Red Bank, New Jersey.

NOVEL CUPBOARD DOORS.—A housekeeper of my acquaintance had a small, narrow pantry, with no room for cupboard doors to swing. She bought a couple of common spring-roller window-shades, and had them attached to the front edge of the upper shelf. They are not in the way when rolled up; and when drawn down are not only tidy in appearance, but make the best kind of protection for the shelves.—M. C. Hixton, Wisconsin.

BROKEN GLASS.—If a piece of woolen cloth is placed on the floor where glass has been broken, all the tiny particles will stick to it, and thus be removed. It is almost impossible to get these up with a broom.—C. C., Quitman, Georgia.

A KITCHEN CONVENIENCE.—One of the most useful things in my kitchen is a table of weights and measures; it is type-written, covered with glass, and framed with passe-partout binding. Hardly a day goes by that I do not have occasion to consult it.—Mrs. H. E. J., Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbor, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.



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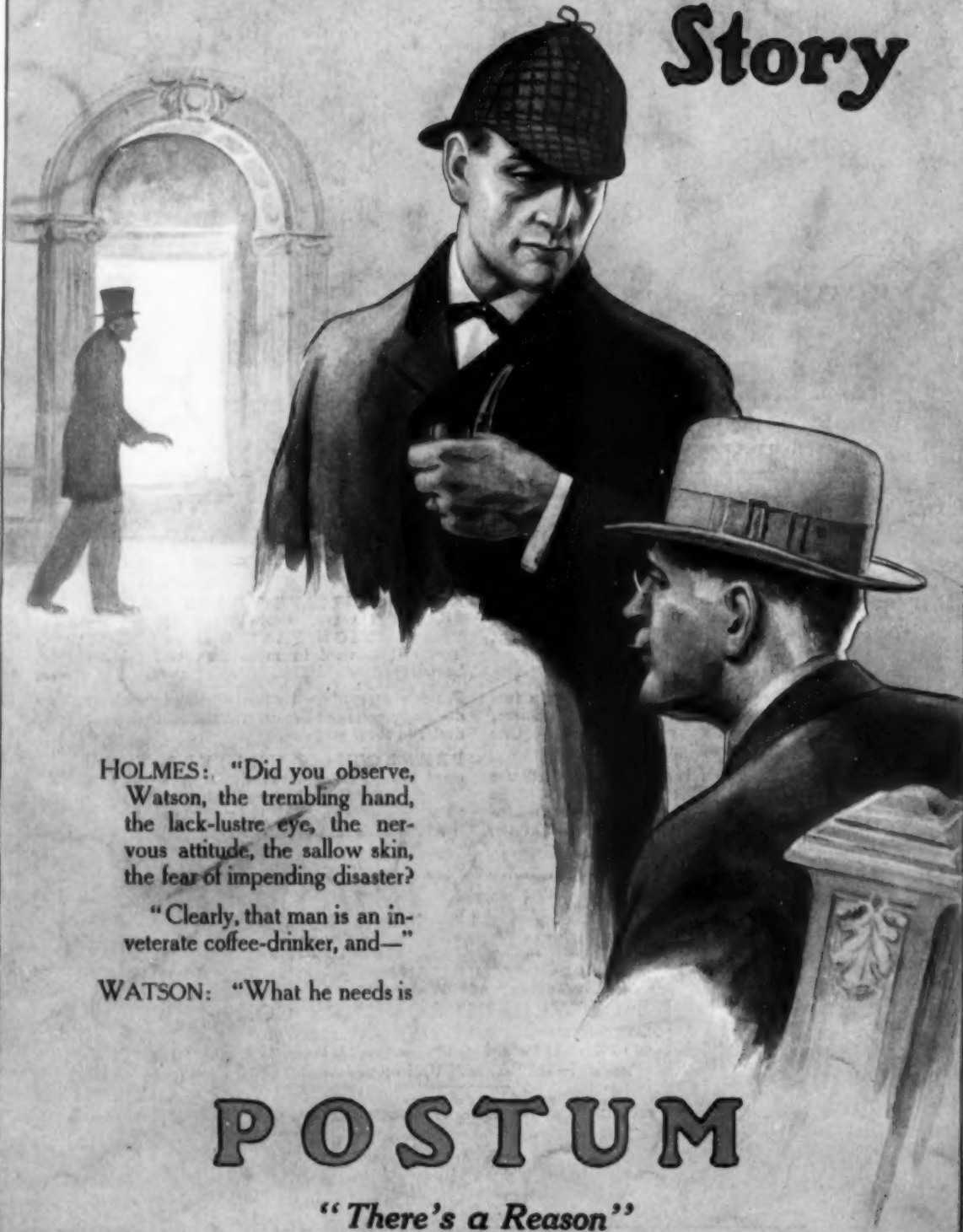
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